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October, 1973
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—and her four husbands

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DISASTER

TAMMANY
—Montana's famous racer

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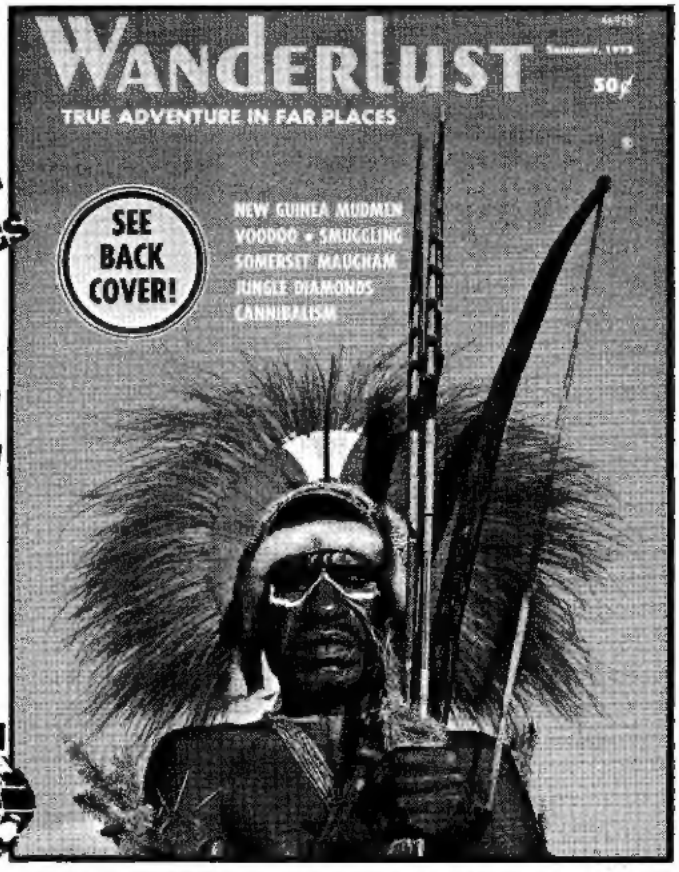

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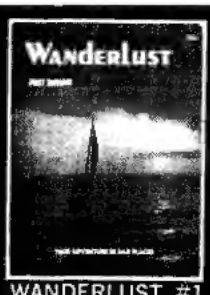

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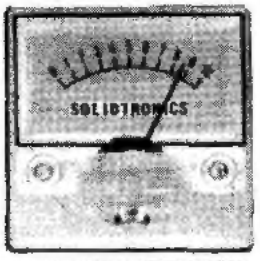

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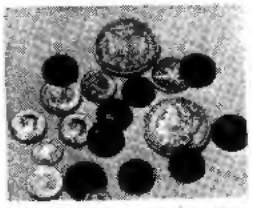

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SKY'S THE LIMIT?

Explanatory Note: This editorial is being run in all three magazines (TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES, OLD WEST) because many readers write in and say they can find one of our magazines at their particular newsstand but not all three. If this is true in your case we urge you to ask the newsdealer why.

THAT PHRASE always meant the same thing as excitement and happiness to me. Now, it doesn't mean excitement, happiness, or even that the sky *is* the limit—when it comes to this confounded inflation! Are we a nation of idiots? Have we lost our senses? Were we never very smart to begin with? Will this insane spiral of up, up, UP continue until the dollar is worth a copper cent—without the copper, that is?

You have never heard me talk like this before. NOBODY has ever heard me talk like this before. I *hate* defeatist talk and this sure isn't meant to be that. I just wish most of us would do a little gut talk and at least TRY to reverse the trend. Seems like most people are just drifting along, accepting constant jumps in prices, grumbling a little here and there but really doing nothing about it.

Perhaps people *can't*. That's a scary thought also. Maybe it will just sweep all of us along until you can't buy any magazine for less than $5.00 a copy (in which case you won't buy any magazines, for there won't be any left).

Well, I am being swept right along with the tide but I am at least screeching like a monkey with its tail caught in a crack while this is happening!

People who might think I am making all this noise to cover up having to raise newsstand cover rates from 50¢ to 60¢ are WRONG! In the first place, you can't cover up. Also, the magazine business is considerably different from most others. Clothing stores, for instance, do not carry advertisements in papers lamenting the fact that they have to go up on certain items. You just go there one month and buy a shirt for so much and the next time you notice the same shirt is several bucks higher. I am not saying this isn't necessary but *am* saying that the American people better start screaming their heads off and start doing something about this or we may wind up with holes in our drawers and empty bellies!

IN THE PAST, there haven't been many things that Americans, once we got together, couldn't work out one way or another. Maybe we still can—but not by walking along calmly to the slaughterhouse. I wish I knew the answers. One thing for sure, *we can stay after our politicians.* I've never known one yet that didn't get into action when his mail got heavy enough on a certain subject. Write them—write, write, WRITE. Write while you can still *afford* to send out a letter.

If all of us knew what is in the making, what is gradually creeping up on us, it would scare the warts off a longhorn steer! Let's talk about the postal services, for instance. I have just read an article in *The Wall Street Journal* and one in *Harper's.* If present postal plans are allowed to continue, magazines such as *American Legion* will receive an 800% boost in postage. Billy Graham's magazine, *Decision*, will get a 1400% boost! How can *any business* survive this sort of hike, which is merely one phase of its overall expenses? These articles predict that no less than 10,000 magazines and newspapers will cease publication because of insane postage rates.

Every day you see mention of a billion spent here; five billion spent there; the budget must run twenty to thirty billion over this year for certain reasons—finally the word "billion" gets to where it doesn't seem so big after all. Have you ever really stopped to think exactly how much money a billion dollars is? I am quoting from memory now, but this is mighty close: If you were to stack a million dollars in $1,000 bills, it would be approximately 8-3/4" high. If you would stack a billion dollars in $1,000 bills it would be as high as the Washington Monument! Think that one over for a moment.

I am wondering if we can't get a few less of these millions and billions spent as a whole, with those we do spend placed where they will do the most good. For instance, the post office department has always been subsidized until it was decided to make it a business—and even a profit-maker, if possible. That makes as much sense as taking our school system and deciding to make a profit from it.

I surely will admit that a great deal of trash could be eliminated from our mails. I wouldn't argue too much if somebody would tell me that what I publish could come under that term! However, magazines, newspapers, correspondence and various other types of postal matter most assuredly come under an informational and educational category. It is estimated it would take forty million dollars a year to subsidize the post office department and keep rates the way they are. I can't understand why forty million seems so big to our lawmakers when it comes to spending it on what I sincerely believe is a *good* cause, yet billions upon billions haven't seemed so much for causes that I think the majority of people wouldn't deem even *fairly* good and oftentimes blamed bad.

I have never been an old sorehead in my life. Fact is, people always have called me optimistic and cheerful. This is why it surprises me a little to make this kind of talk. However, I get so confounded aggravated when I think about the picture as a whole.

It is good for job holders to get higher wages. But how *long* is it good? It seems like a pupil in the fourth grade could reason this out easily. When corresponding price rises come along in food, transportation, clothes and everything else it takes to live *any* wage increase fades away pretty fast. I realize very few people seem to like the controls business, and that may not be the answer, but something has got to slow down this spiral somewhere along the line.

One thing we *can* do (and there are a lot of us who read these magazines!) and that is, again, write your senators, representatives, and the President himself. The President may not see these letters but when they stack up among his aides to where they can't get in their offices, *something* will be done. Tell your senators and representatives that your vote will depend entirely upon who works to clean up the postal mess, who works hardest to slow down inflation, and that you want to see *action* instead of *promises.*

I guess this sounds like a political speech and may not be appropriate for my type of writing but I keep on saying that if somebody doesn't start something and *continue* it, things are going to flat run away from us.

(Continued on page 40)

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Doc Holliday

Would all those people having second-hand accounts (if possible) concerning personal accounts of Dr. John Holliday, the famous friend of Wyatt Earp, please write me. I am looking for *anyone* who might have had an ancestor who saw Holliday in the flesh and recounted a story about him.

I was born and raised on an Illinois farm and the old folks often mentioned Earp; almost without exception they held him in high regard, as they did Jesse James. The railroads were seen as using their power in an arrogant manner all too often and in Earp's case he was sympathetic in his dealings with various hard cases and scum who had good reason to hate him! The O. K. Corral fight raised quite a stir when it became known here. People didn't hesitate to take sides and those who, following the Corral dispute, tried to destroy "the great Earp," either legally or physically and failed, actually indicted themselves.—Steven Yates, Camden, Illinois 62319

Law-Stuart-Paul-Stoddard

I need information on Joseph Law, possibly born in Virginia, married Mary Stuart, possibly in illinois, joined the Union army, had children and moved to Kansas. Who were their parents? Where were they both born, married?

Their son, William Law, married Jenny Hardin or Harding in Kansas. Where was Jenny born, and who were their parents?

Joseph Franklin Paul married Lavina Stoddard—when, where? Who were their parents, where were they from, where were they born? Joseph and Lavina were in Prosperity, Missouri in 1895, possibly until the 1920s. What became of their children, Jessie Paul Aimsworth, Sadie Paul Nemo, Ted Paul, Charles Paul, and possibly a Mary?

Any information will be appreciated.—Charles and Miles Paul, Rt. 2, Box 616, Elmira, Oregon 97437

Melone

I am searching for information concerning a Melone who filed a claim August 18, 1879 for Melone's Consolidated Mining Company, near Robinson's Ferry, Calaveras County, California. Do not know his Christian name.

John Robinson married Susan Melone in 1817 in Orange County, Virginia and these two families must have migrated to California at the same time. Would appreciate any information on these two families.—Bill Melone, 6806 Edgefield Drive, Austin, Texas 78731

Moore

Can anyone help me locate the parents of David A. Moore. Born August 28, 1816 possibly in DeKalb County, Tennessee? He married Cynthia Gatton September 10, 1835, who was born November 23, 1814 in North Carolina.

Their children were: Matilda, born 1836; Eliza Jane, born 1838; Elizabeth Ann, born 1840; Sarah Catherine, born 1842; Lemuel Jones, born 1844; and Joseph H., born 1847 (my grandfather).

Then they moved to Dallas County, Arkansas where Mary Lusinda was born in the summer of 1850. Apparently within the next 10 years David and Cynthia

(Continued on page 40)

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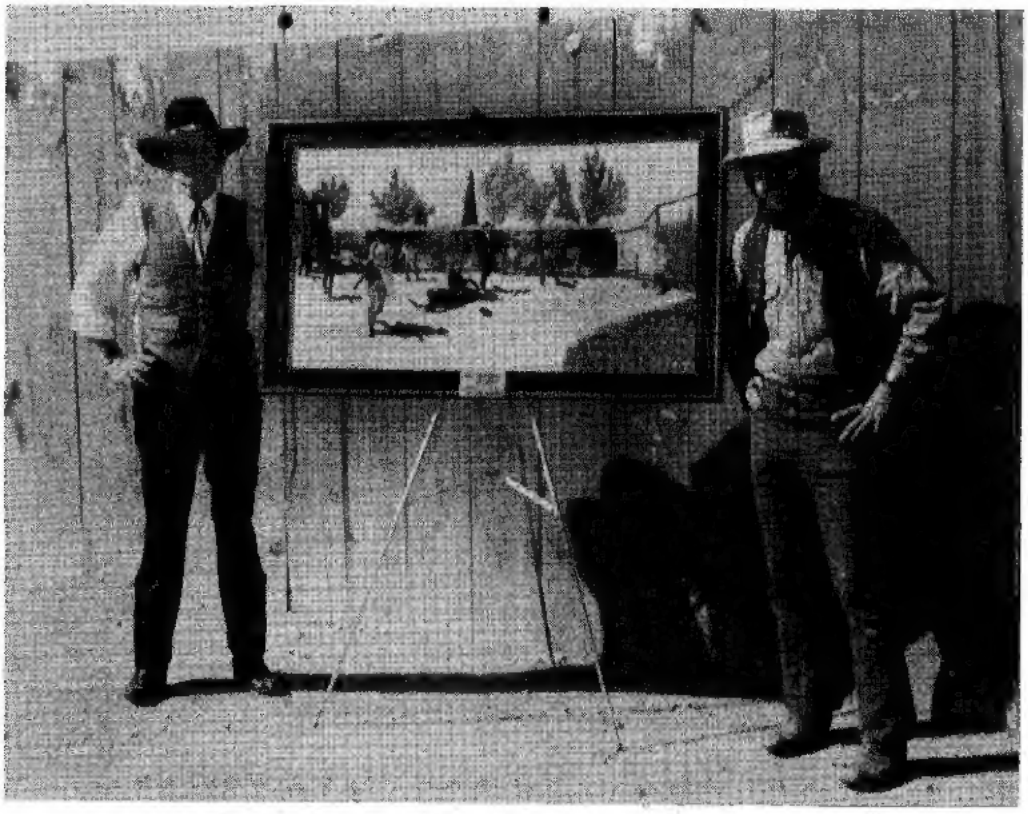
Truly Western



Ben Traywick (left) and Tony Russell, the artist who painted "30 Seconds."

Ben and the O. K. Corral

Since you have not heard from me in some time, I hope you have not forgotten me. I now live in Tombstone and have for five years. Some time back I wrote a western show and formed a group called the Wild Bunch. We perform in the O. K. Corral on the first and third Sundays of each month. We are also on NBC television, the program "You Asked For It" now being shown in various parts of the nation.

During the past year we performed twenty-eight times, were in eight parades, winning two first places and two seconds, one of the firsts being the coveted first place in the Helldorado Parade which had over 200 entries.

One of our members, Tony Russell of St. David, Arizona, has just finished a painting of the gunfight at the O. K. Corral. It is about 5'x2½' and is beautifully done. Members of the Wild Bunch who play these parts in the show were used as models. Likely this is the best painting of this particular fight that has ever been done. Certainly it is the clearest and includes more detail. Black and white does not really do it justice.

The painting title is on a solid silver plate in the center and reads "30 Seconds by the Wild Bunch, Tombstone, Arizona."

Tony Russell, the bearded character at the right, is the artist. I am on the left.—Ben T. Traywick, Red Marie's Bookstore, Tombstone, Arizona 85638

Belle Starr

A bunch of us were looking through some back issues of TRUE WEST and found a story in the February '69 issue called "Belle Starr's Killer Revealed."

On page 13, there is a picture of Belle Starr's home in Younger Bend. I have some other pictures in other books of the same house. They say Belle's grave is in the yard of this house. My mother and aunt tell me that Belle's grave is across the river from this house in the yard of a two-story white house.

My uncle has or did have pictures of the two-story house and grave which he took years ago. My grandfather, Walter Williams, ran a ferry between Texanna and Brooken and my mother, her sisters and brothers were brought up around Brooken, Hoyt, Texanna, Porum, Eufaula, etc. in the early 1900s. They knew a few people who had known or seen Belle Starr before she got killed. They say to the best of their knowledge that Belle's son is the one who killed her as he rented a horse at Quinton a while before she was killed.

They told me a lot more about Belle Starr, Jack and Joe Davis, Pony Starr, the Maxwells and other outlaws, but I can't remember all of it or write it like they told me.—Leslie H. Sisco, 811½ South 13th, Ponca City, Oklahoma 74601

Woolsey

I am related by marriage to King S. Woolsey, Indian fighter, sheriff and rancher, who apparently took part in the Bloody Basin Massacre. My great-aunt, Mary Baxter, was his wife. If anyone has knowledge of him, I would like to hear from them. He was also an aide to the Territorial Governor of Arizona, Governor Goodwin.—Robert W. Myers, Box 520, Walla Walla, Washington 99362

Fun Reading

I am amazed at how your magazines at some time or another reach into every state, county and hamlet in the U.S.A. A cousin I haven't seen in forty years was pleased to find my letter in TRUE WEST about the Holton State Bank Robbery. He lives in Cokeville, Wyoming. His wife, whom I have never met, wrote me about it—I had no idea he read TRUE WEST. Her letter resumed a correspondence dead for forty years.

In this last TRUE WEST there is a Trails Grown Dim from Peutz Valley Road, Alpine and a couple of years ago there was a classified ad from Alpine. More and more Kansas authors whom I have known or known of from my earlier days in the state come visiting me through the pages of FRONTIER TIMES, TRUE WEST and RELICS. Really a great and unexpected experience at my age.—Wendell E. Smith, 1635 Alpine Terrace Road, Alpine, California 92001

Descendant of Joe McCoy

In your February 1973 issue was a most interesting article about my great-grandfather, Joseph G. McCoy, and how he "scouts Texas."

I am interested in contacting Mr. Robert W. Richmond about any records that he might care to share with me regarding Mr. McCoy. Could you please send me his mailing address or forward this letter to him?

Please note that I have been reading your magazine for almost twenty years and this article was certainly a most special one for me.—DeLos Rinker, 15939 Avenue 320, Ivanhoe, California 93235

Murder at Cottonwood

I would like to know if any subscribers know anything of the killings that took place in Cottonwood, Callahan County, Texas. There were seventeen killings at

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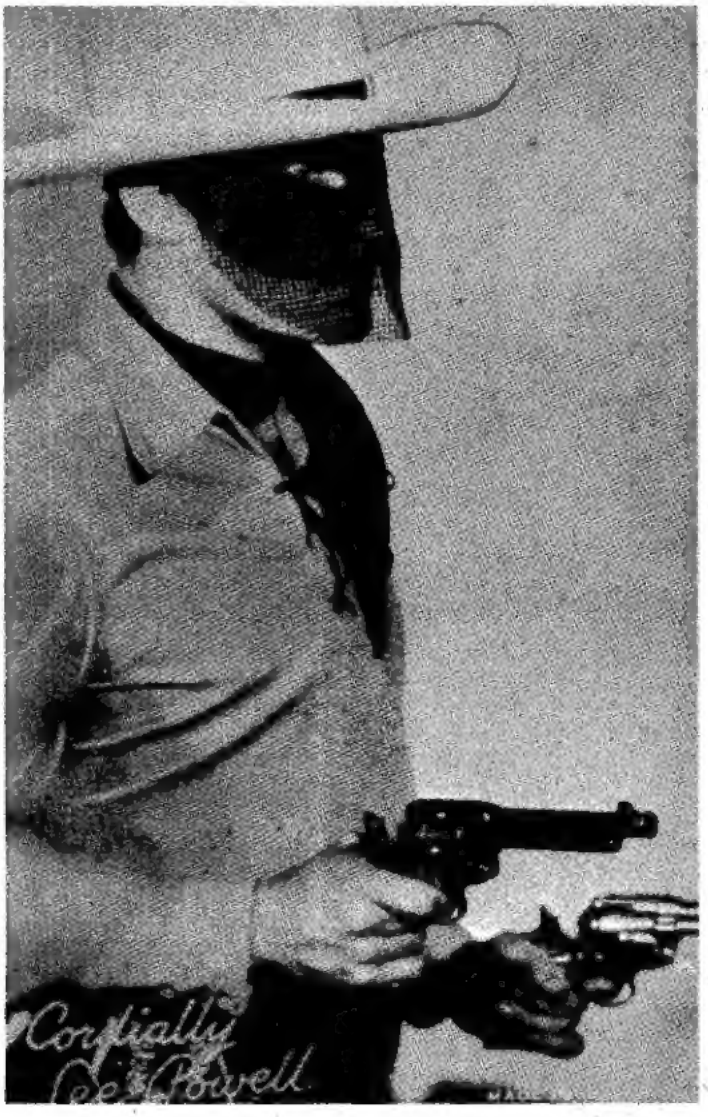

Above (left), Lee Powell as the Lone Ranger. At right, Tonto, as played by Chief Thundercloud. Mr. Manuel has supplied the following identifications of the actors below: (left to right) Lee Powell, George Montgomery, Wally Wales, Lane Chandler, and Herman Brix (Bruce Bennett).

one time.—John Taylor, Speckerd Road, General Delivery, Marysville, California 95901

Movie Cowboys

I truly enjoyed the article about the "Lone Ranger" in your December 1972 issue. I am unsure about some points of the article though. Mr. Keuker states the last program number was 2,596. I have a tape of the 1953 20th anniversary program and it is number 3,128. I wonder what made the difference in the numbers?

Also, Mr. Keuker states that one of the actors in the 1938 serial was Bob Stuart. On the enclosed photograph will be found Wally Wales. I had this confirmed by an expert on movie cowboys. Could it be that this photo is not correct? You will also note in my photo that two of the actors are incorrectly named and one completely left off!

I sent the photos because I thought some of your readers may like to see them once again. I am a collector of movie cowboys, postcards, photographs and movie posters. Mr. Keuker's article will be placed with my collection, as I feel this belongs with them.

I copy photographs and if any of your readers have any movie cowboy photos that they will lend me to copy, I will be grateful. I would also like to obtain some photos of the radio cast of the "Lone Ranger" if anyone has any.—Edgar Manuel, Jr., Box 4421, Meridian, Mississippi 39301

(Continued on page 62)

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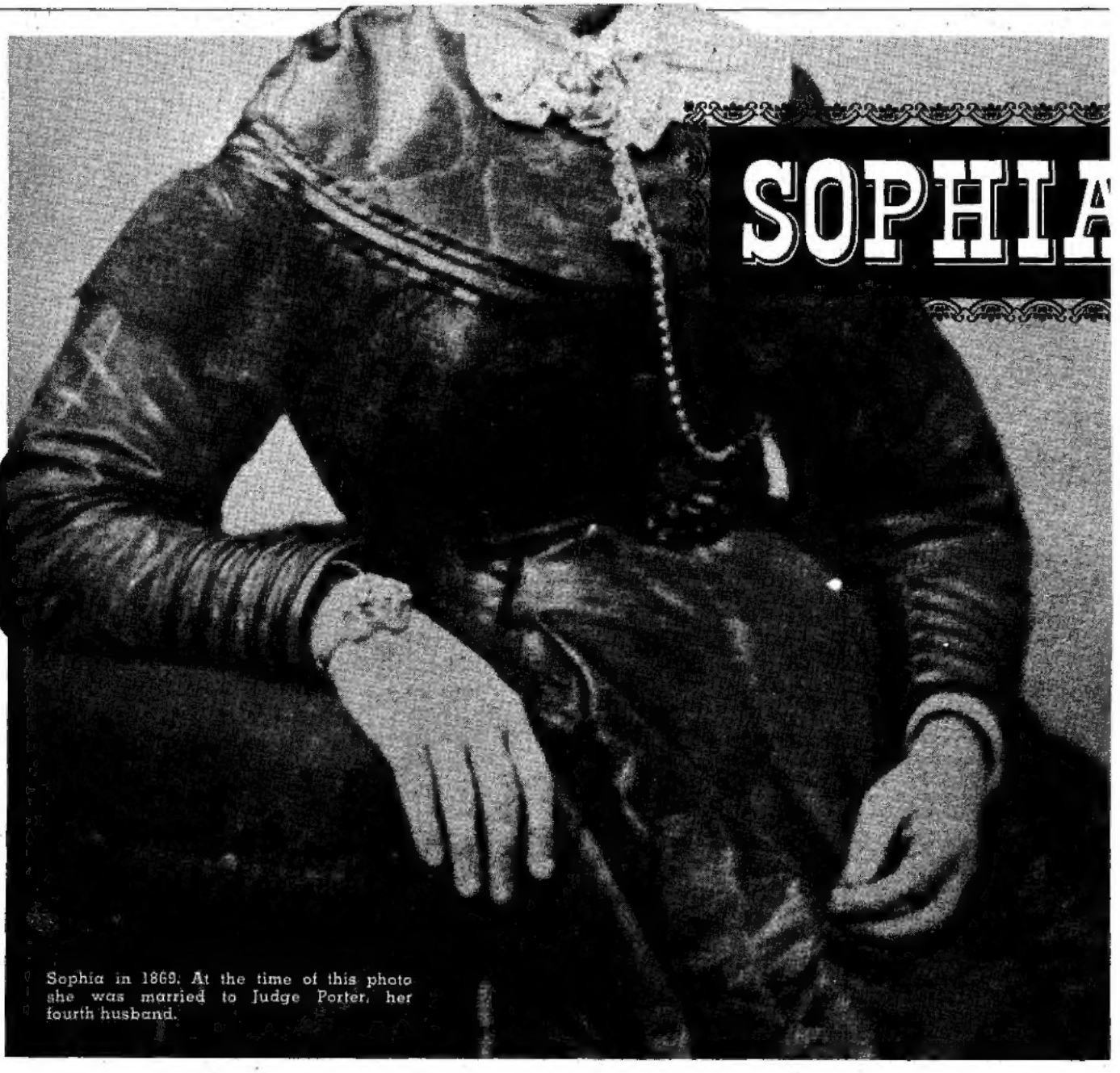

Sophia in 1869. At the time of this photo she was married to Judge Porter, her fourth husband.

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Some of the buildings of old Fort Preston, located some distance from the home.

By
GLENNA PARKER MIDDLEBROOKS
Photos Courtesy Author

COFFEE HISTORY'S FIREFLY

Four husbands during her lifetime (and many researchers since) tried to close their hands on Sophia. It seldom worked. She would shine bright and near for a moment, disappear in the darkness, and next be seen on a distant hill...

along the Maumee. Rugged Irish workmen, heartened by libations served by generous "jigger bosses," fought mosquitoes and trenched the stubborn earth to carry the trade artery on to the Wabash and thus connect the eastern seaboard with the Ohio and Mississippi. The promise of being on a cross-country waterway that would link the commerce of the Atlantic with that of the Gulf of Mexico hung like a rainbow over Fort Wayne. Apparently the roseate hues were not lost on Jesse for, according to the Fort Wayne *Sentinel* of July 14, 1834, he left teaching to head a firm which was listed as J. A. Aughinbaugh and Company, Druggists.

But agents promoting Texas threaded the woods and waterways to the north and east, and as they went, they cast the lure of limitless, rich lands, "salubrious" climate, of cotton and sugar principalities where the work was carried on by scores of black slaves. A "Social Party at the House of Colonel Suttenfield" on April 1, 1835 may have been a *bon voyage* celebration for the young Aughinbaughs for they arrived in Nacogdoches, Texas on the 8th of the following July.

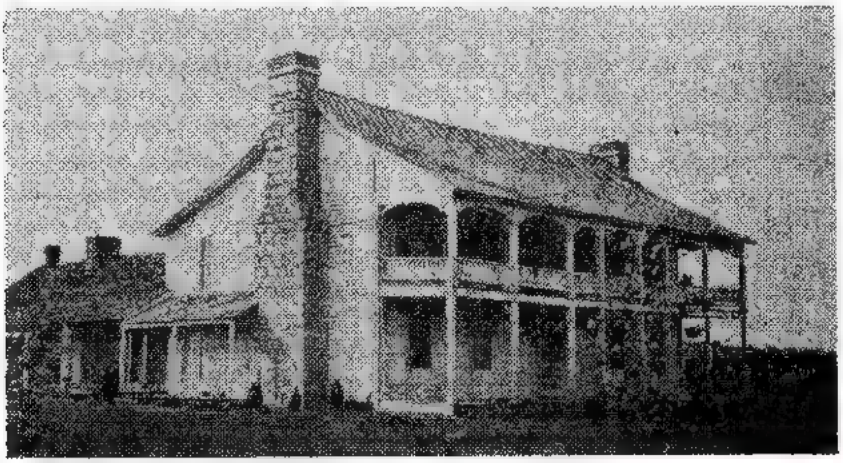
Eleven days later Jorge Antonio Nixon, land commissioner for the Mexican government, made out a certificate which showed that the erstwhile professor-druggist from Fort Wayne had acquired one league of land in the grant of Joseph Vehlin. The land lay east of the Trinity River in what is now Houston County.

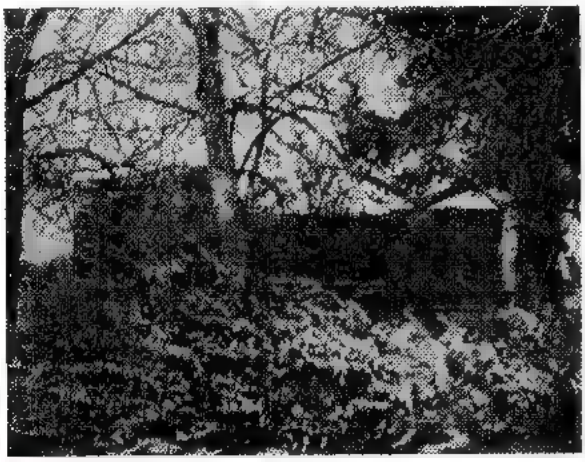
BECAUSE of the turbulence of the times it seems unlikely that Sophia and Jesse established residence on their land, but they did not tarry long in Nacogdoches. In later life Sophia related stories of her experiences in the Runaway Scrape and in nursing General Houston after he was wounded at the battle of San Jacinto.

Today it is impossible to say, with accuracy, what happened in the menage of the Aughinbaughs in the next two years. Sophia, according to Mrs. Emory Evans, her long-time friend and companion, seldom mentioned this period in

Below (left), the main house at Glen Eden Plantation, scene of many elegant parties during the Civil War years. At right is the brick mausoleum where Colonel Coffee was buried in 1846.

Courtesy Grayson County Historical Survey Committee





her life. Her only word concerning Jesse was that he deserted her. Data indicates that an "Enoch Arden" situation may have developed. Among the Porter Papers in the Sherman, Texas library, is the original of the following:

February 3, 1838 Fort Smith, Arkansas
Bill of Sale—Negro

Know all men by these presents, that I John Rogers, of Fort Smith, for and in consideration of the sum of eight hundred dollars to me in hand paid, the receipt of which I do hereby acknowledge to have received to my full satisfaction. Have this day bargained, sold and delivered unto Sophia Coffee, late of Texas, a negro man named Lewis, aged about twenty years. I do hereby warrant said negro man to be slave for life, and sound in body and mind, and I do warrant the title of said slave to the said Sophia Coffee, her heirs and assigns, against all legal claims whatsoever. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this third day of February 1838. —John Rogers.

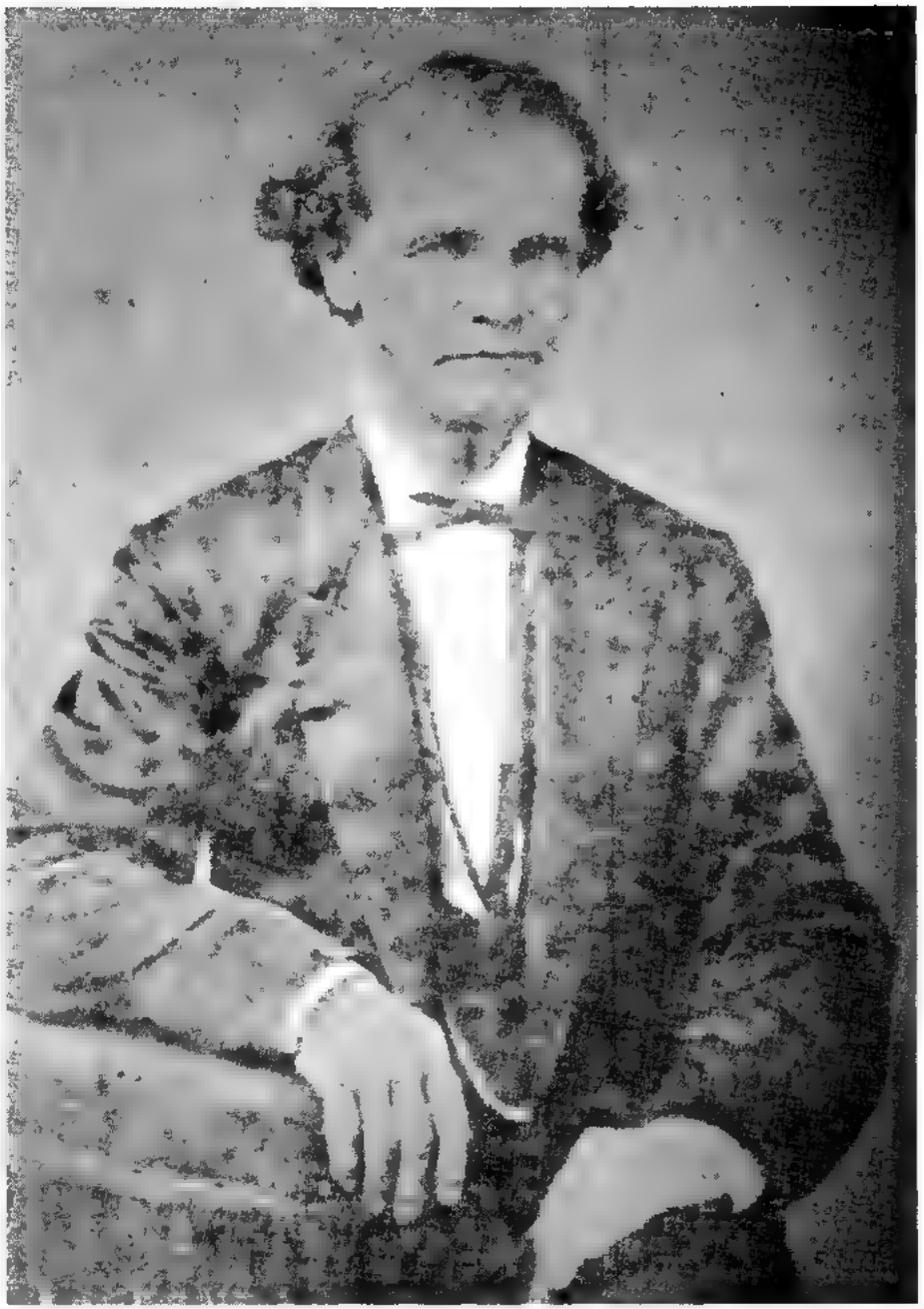
But five months later Sophia was in Houston, Texas where she appeared before Judge James W. Robinson to begin divorce proceedings. The following shows that the Court was sympathetic.

Republic of Texas
County of Harris

Sophia Aughinbaugh
vs
Jesse A. Aughinbaugh
In Chambers, July 25, 1838

Whereas Sophia Aughinbaugh, the plaintiff in the above stated case, has this day filed her petition before the Judge James W. Robinson, one of the Judges of the District Court of the Republic of Texas; and she having shown to the satisfaction of the Judge aforesaid, that the defendant, Jesse Aughinbaugh, resides out of the jurisdiction of this court. Therefore it is ordered by the Judge, that the Clerk of the District Court for the County of Harris, make publication of this order in some public newspaper printed in the city of Houston for six weeks previous to the next term of the District Court, to be holden in and for the County of Harris, at the court house thereof, in the city of Houston, on the fifth Monday after the fourth Monday in October next ensuing; then and there to answer the petition of the said Sophia Aughinbaugh there exhibited against him, or the matters and things therein contained, will be taken *pro confesso*, and the decree granted as prayed for.
Witness. The Honorable J. W. Robinson
Judge of the District Court in and for the Republic of Texas
Test, James S. Holman, Clk. D.C.C.
By E. H. Windfield, Deputy Clerk
July 28, 1838

However, "the matters and things" were not disposed of that easily. On November 29, 1838, Sophia was still praying to be divorced from her husband. This time the petitioned was the Third Congress of the Republic of Texas. The "select" committee to whom the plea was referred reported in favor of the petitioner. On the first reading Mr. Sweitzer of Gonzales moved for rejection and was sustained by a vote of sixteen to fourteen.



Judge James Porter, Sophia's fourth husband.

The Homestead Exemption law, designed to add to the security of generations of Texas families, came up for consideration during the fight over the granting of the divorce, but it created little interest compared with the issue of Sophia's freedom. However, on January 15, 1839 nineteenth century liberalism plus the personal influence of Representative Holland Coffee of fledgling Fannin County shifted sentiment among the majority and, with Jesse A. Aughinbaugh still absent and unprotesting, "the Senate and the House of Representatives of the Republic of Texas in Congress assembled" passed a bill which stated that "Sophia Aughinbaugh and Jesse A. Aughinbaugh be and they are hereby declared to be forever divorced, and each party is hereby declared free to act in everything as though they had never been married."

What Professor Aughinbaugh did with his freedom is not known, but there are fragmentary clues which make for interesting speculation. In an abstract office at Crockett, Texas there is a document which certifies that on May 19, 1854 Jose Augustine Aughinbaugh, late of San Patricio County, Texas sold Jesse's league of land. The conveyance was signed by Jose's mark.

A resident of the Preston community recalled that after Sophia's death in 1897, a stranger appeared in the area. He stated no purpose but seemed interested in the settlement of the estate. Without making any claims he withdrew, saying only that he was a son of Mrs. Porter's first husband.

IN the county clerk's office at Brenham, Texas there is a record of how Sophia used her freedom. Holland Coffee, the record says, obtained a marriage license for himself and Sophia Suttenfield, and on February 20, 1839 the *Telegraph and Texas Register* carried the following:

MARRIED—In Washington county on the 19th ultimo, by ——— Lusk, Esq., the Hon. Holland Coffee, late member of congress from Red River, to Mrs. Sophia Aughinbaugh, late of Houston.

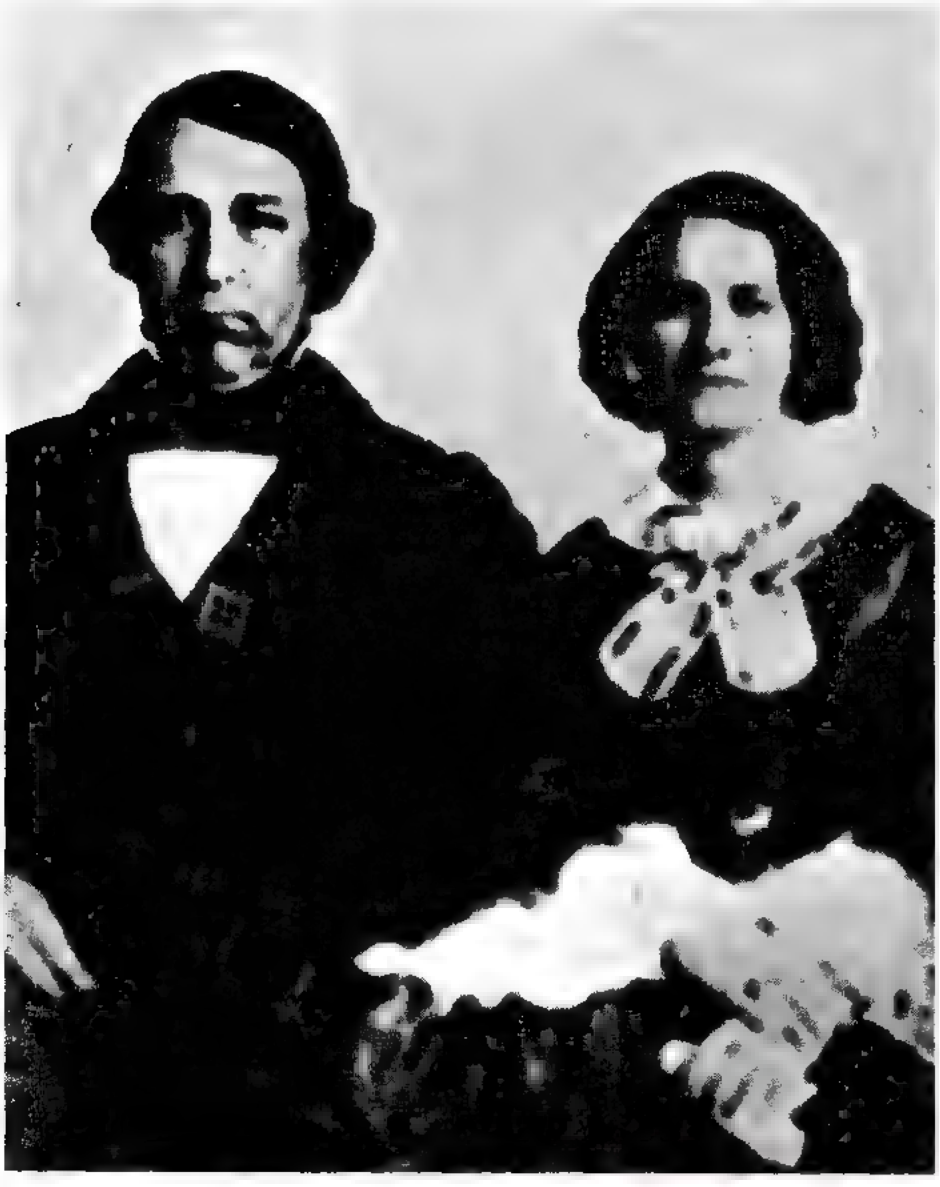
Immediately after their marriage Holland and Sophia set out on a six-hundred-mile trip, via Nacogdoches, to the trading post on Red River which he owned in partnership with long-time friend and fellow Tennesseean, Silas Colville. The post, situated on the Chihuahua Trail, was at the top of a hill east of Sand Springs. A mile below was the Rock Bluff crossing for the notorious "Whiskey Trail." The ford was popular because the cut through the steep bluff made a natural chute for herding cattle and horses into the water. In 1840 further prestige and practical value were added to the location when Colonel William G. Cooke laid out a military road (known as the Preston Road) north from Austin. Just above the trading post this route connected with the Texas Road, which came south through the Indian Territory, bringing an influx of immigrants past the station house door—and prosperity to the owners.

The little cabin in which Holland and Sophia settled down to housekeeping was of clapboards, and for protection against possible attack by Indians, it was surrounded by a high, pole stockade one hundred feet square. But two months and ten days after he had taken himself a wife, and almost immediately after she was established within his own stockade, Holland left Sophia to head a party of fifty men on a peace mission to the Indians who had harassed the white settlers during his service in the Third Congress.

Coffee was credited with the ability to speak seven Indian dialects and he was in demand as an effective envoy between white men and red. Although for some time his location was an extreme outpost, there is no record of molestation, other than attempted theft, on his premises. Of their life in the stockade Sophia related, "Fifteen wild Indians came one night and dug up three pickets, and just as they got them up, Colonel Coffee, having business at Old Warren, called up the servants earlier than usual and the boys went to grinding coffee. The Indians, hearing the mill, thought it was some device to slay them, [and] took flight. . . ." She added, "Colonel Coffee had to guard his horses while the servants were plowing to keep the Indians from stealing them. Often the men would stand guard at night and I would make coffee to keep them awake."

Coffee's holdings came a little dearer than did those of Tulip Bend neighbor, Jabez Fitzgerald, who lent a friend a horse so the two men could join a party which was assembling to march against Santa Anna in 1836. For his generosity Jabez was given an extra parcel of land by the Board of Land Commissioners for Fannin County. Holland paid $350 for his first real estate in Texas. On September 28, 1837 he purchased one league of land from George Ivey, who described the place as his home. It lay nearly opposite the mouth of the Washita River, on the Texas side of the Red.

Sophia and her third husband. Major George N. Butt. Photo taken in New Orleans, probably around 1850.



ON the following August 8, while Sophia was in Houston Town striving to make her separation from Jesse Aughinbaugh legal, Holland went before the Fannin County Board of Land Commissioners and offered proof that "he arrived in this country previous to the declaration of independence and that he is single and entitled to one third of a League of Land upon condition of paying at the rate of seven dollars for each labor of Irrigable Land five dollars for every Labor of temporal or Arable Land two dollars and forty cents for every labor of Pasture Land which may be contained in the Survey Secured by this Certificate."

In addition to the sums mentioned in the certificate, Texas land laws required that Coffee pay $5 to the Commissioners for the certificate and $400 for the services of the county surveyor. But with that accomplished his troubles were not over. An "investigating committee refused to validate the grant until the boundary line was established." Coffee had to appeal to Congress to get a clear title. After considerable delay his request was granted by special act on January 22, 1842, and he came into possession of 1,476 acres, bringing his holdings to a total of nearly 6,000 acres.

While Coffee's claim was still in dispute, he was challenged from another direction. John Hart, who came to Fannin County from Jonesboro, Red River County, where he operated a merchandising business, asserted that in the fall of 1837 he, with James Baker and William Baker, uncle and nephew and partners in the firm of Hart and Baker, occupied a tract of land on the south side of Red River opposite the mouth of the Washita

(Continued on page 48)

THE DEAD APACHE

Edmond G. Peck shortly before his death.

THE APACHES hit Edmond G. Peck in the afternoon as he was coming off the slopes of the Bradshaw Mountains from an unsuccessful hunt for strayed horses. There was no warning of impending danger until they fired on him from cover. Fortunately he was not quite in their trap. Wheeling his horse, he leaned over in the saddle as bullets and arrows flew around him, and escaped into a glen of rocks. Some were higher than a standing man's head.

In a matter of seconds Peck was out of the saddle, snaking his rifle from an Arizona scabbard (secured to the saddle horn by a leather thong that released instantly when the rifle was pulled outward). He was lying behind massive boulders on the outer edge of the glen by the time half a dozen Apaches charged in afoot, over-confident of having a lone white man's scalp as good as pulled.

However, Peck was an experienced Indian fighter. Aiming surely, he dropped an Apache in his tracks and badly wounded another with the second shot. The rest turned back on discovering that their quarry hadn't even been wounded in their wild bushwhack shooting. They sprinted apart, seeking cover in the brushy timber.

Methodically Peck prepared for another rush. It did not materialize at once. Studying the position of the sun he was set to wait them out until nightfall. In the dark he could escape by slipping away

SILVER

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

In the Bradshaws there's a rock glen that avenged a brave's death even as it was happening. For though the army scout got away, he would try to return and always fail—and that Indian's deathbed was four-poster silver!

through the timber, as he had done before. The rocks in the glen, where he crouched, were not granite but some type of black-red, finely grained stone. A few smaller boulders, moved to form a better breastwork, broke apart in his hands. Although heavy, they were rotten, containing a dark, yet shiny, mineral.

Not being a prospector, he paid no more attention to the peculiar rocks. His preoccupation was with the Apaches surely sneaking in on him. Although no warning sound echoed in the hot afternoon air, he soon discovered an Indian slithering from a nearby bush to take a kneeling position behind a big tree.

Waiting patiently until the Indian moved his head around the bole for better sighting, Peck fired and watched the Apache jackknife onto a bed of pine needles where he kicked a couple of times and lay still.

A few minutes later the gobble of a turkey echoed to the north. The sound was perfectly made, but turkeys did not gobble at that time of day. The answering signal, in kind, came from the east side of Peck's position. What he feared must be happening. The Apaches were stealing around to charge him simultaneously from all sides. Indeed, there might be some in close already.

Withdrawing, Peck rushed to the east side of the glen and reconnoitered, but could find no Apaches there. Maybe they were not coming after all, he thought as he returned to the boulders. Peck was in for a surprise. During his absence of maybe twenty seconds, the bodies of the Apache dead had been dragged from the

Above, left, the Bradshaw Mountains, where the silver was discovered. Below, the Gardner store and stage stop in Prescott.

open. Not so astonishing either, because Apaches removed their dead from the field if possible.

This could indicate that they were withdrawing, but not banking on any such good luck, the white man surveyed west and south for more riders. He had no idea how many actually had jumped him. Sometimes they lurked in the Bradshaws and even closer to Prescott in considerable force, waiting a chance to ambush a few whites and steal livestock.

As Peck neared his saddled horse, a noise, so faint as to be hardly discernible, jerked him around. On top of a big rock, preparing to leap down on him with a long-bladed knife, was an Apache. His skin was so dark it appeared black in the shafted sunlight. Automatically Peck shot from the hip.

Hit fatally as he started his downward leap, the dying Apache fell into a crevice between a big rock and a smaller one on the near side. Apparently both had split off a formation slanting down into the earth. As the Indian disappeared into the crevice Peck rushed to the open side, ready to defend himself against further attack. But not a single enemy showed anywhere. Turning back he went to the ground opening into the crevice to make sure the Apache was really dead. He was.

FOR the next hour the anxious Peck moved cautiously from one side of the rock glen to another, guarding against being caught by a sudden rush of the Apaches. But at no time did he hear or see anything of them. Emboldened, he concluded to attempt a getaway then, instead of waiting a little longer until dark.

Moving out at a walk and leading his horse, Peck was prepared to fire in the blink of an eye, but no Indians opposed his escape. A good mile from the rock glen he mounted up.

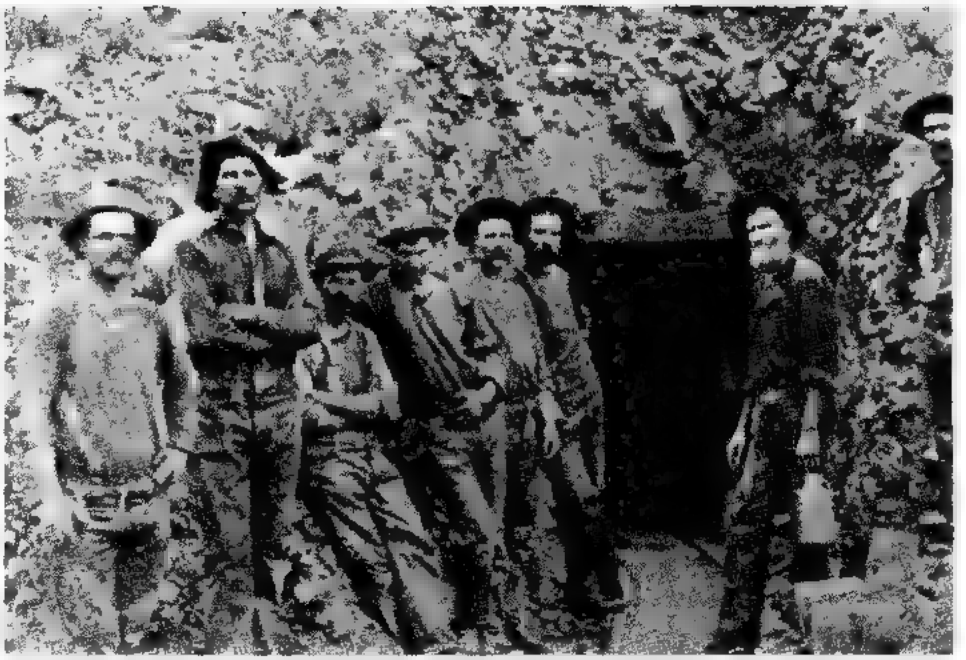
Reaching Prescott after a fast ride of thirty-five miles, he reported his close call. At once a force of men collected to give pursuit. In 1865, the Apaches were a constant tribulation to the small town. The posse struck out for the Bradshaws with Peck in the lead.

A halt was made at noon to blow the hard-pushed stock, and then on the men rode to the site of the ambush. While trackers cut out, circling the area for sign, Peck entered the rock glen. Again his attention centered briefly on the curious rocks, so different from granite, but without pausing he went on to the crevice, wondering if the Apaches had slipped back to recover their dead tribesman.

The body was still there, flies buzzing over the swelling face and torso. Lifeless fingers were still around the handle of a ten-inch bladed knife. Using a stick, Peck retrieved the weapon for a trophy.

When outgoing sign was picked up, the party took off over the trail of fifteen Indians. At least there were that many sets of pony tracks leading away from where the animals had been left in deep timber away from the skirmish site; some of them could have ridden double, of course.

Passing out of the Bradshaws along a creek, the Indians had taken a direct eastern course into the wilderness. They were long gone; pursuit was useless.



Hardrock miners were indispensible to the operation of the Peck Mine.

PECK, born in Canada in 1834, had entered the United States at the age of twenty-four. After a few weeks in St. Louis, Missouri he joined a wagontrain of immigrants California-bound. This was his first step in becoming one of the West's better known frontiersmen.

The train took the Santa Fe Trail west, intending to pass through what would become Arizona Territory. A stopover was made in Albuquerque, New Mexico to recruit some stock.

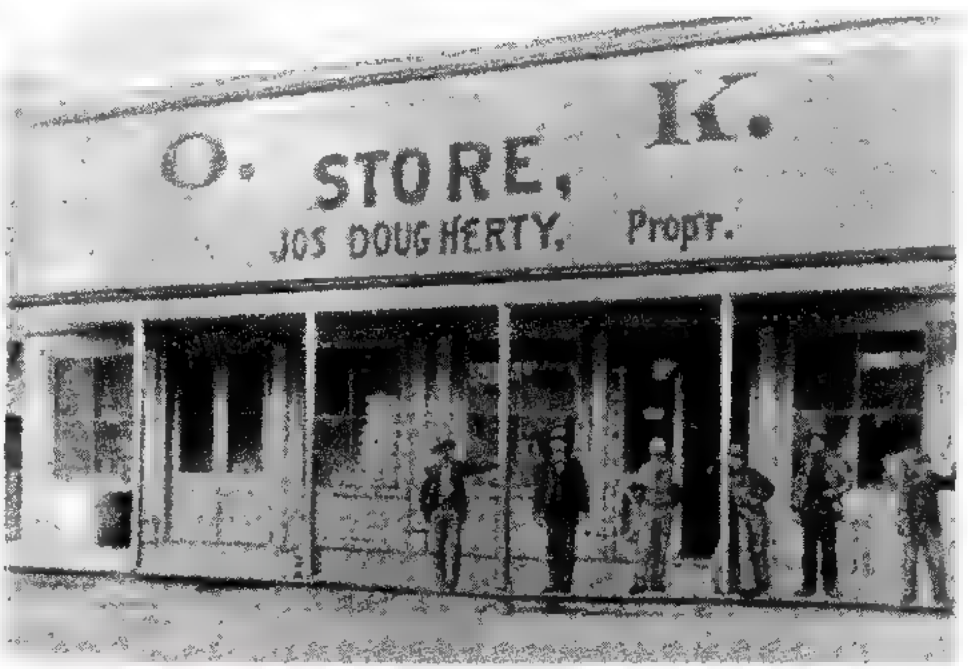
On heading out again the train followed a trail outlined by Lieutenant A. W. Whipple. It passed by a Zuni Indian pueblo on the long route from Albuquerque to Los Angeles. The Zunis were friendly and the immigrants took a rest stop there to acquire fruit and vegetables. They were warned that danger lay ahead. The Apaches and Navajos maintained war parties all along the route that followed the Little Colorado River downstream.

The train forded the river at Sunset Crossing where the military road to the south and southwest junctioned with the Whipple trail. Preparing for possible attack, guards were stationed well out each night. The stock grazed closer to the wagons to prevent their theft. Continuing downstream the train crossed at the mouth of Canyon Diablo where it entered the Little Colorado.

The next afternoon near the edge of an extensive cedar forest, a band of twenty Indians suddenly charged from cover.

When outriders opened fire at long

A Prescott store where Peck often traded.



range, three Indians were knocked off their ponies. The rest, only a few carrying firearms, held up. Despite this delay the wagons continued into the deep forest instead of forting up. No one in the train could identify the tribe of the war party as it withdrew.

Either that same band, or a smaller one, attacked the following morning at dawn near Walnut Canyon. The fight lasted about an hour during which one man was killed and three wounded. Indian losses were unknown.

The immigrants by then had left the Little Colorado and had traveled fearfully on into the San Francisco Mountains toward Antelope Springs (now Flagstaff). Some trappers living nearby had warned that not only Apaches but Mojave and Hualapai Indians lurked ahead. After considerable discussion the immigrants voted to return to New Mexico and wait for a more opportune time to proceed to California.

On the long haul back to Zuni no Indian attack occurred. There Peck left the train and spent the next two years hunting and trapping.

It was in the Wellington Saloon that Peck recognized the silver ore that he had found ten years before.

IN 1863 in the company of men named Collier and Farrington, Peck returned to Arizona. In Prescott the three men obtained a contract to cut hay for Fort Whipple. They cut 300 tons with hoes and were paid $30 a ton.

When the hay contract was completed, Peck went to the Point of Rocks on Granite Creek north of Prescott. He put in a small ranch and grazed and guarded extra livestock belonging to freighters and prospectors for $3 each. Soon thereafter he would gain his first experience in fighting Apaches.

King Woolsey, then on the staff of Territorial Governor John N. Goodwin, called for one hundred volunteers for an expedition to punish the Indians for recent depredations in the environs of Prescott. The force, gathered at Woolsey's ranch on the Agua Fria River, was divided into units of ten men. Peck was assigned to command one.

Scouring the country into the Salt River Valley and on east, each unit ran smack into Apaches. The biggest fights involved Peck's unit north of the glowering Superstition Mountains.

Striking the trail of forty braves—some mounted, some running afoot—Peck led his men in pursuit. He was sure that he could catch up with them as the trail had been made that same morning. One man was sent to bring in another unit to help.

The Apaches, making for a watering place, were unaware of being followed. Peck and his men almost plunged straight into their temporary camp, but spotted them in time and dismounted to move in afoot for a surround. However, the thin line would be difficult to hold in the face of a determined counter-attack.

The opening shot was fired by Peck, a signal for the rest to open up. In an instant the startled Apaches dived into the rocks and bushes around the springs that fed the waterhole. Thereafter, any time an Indian showed his head, a bullet smacked into him. After the skirmish settled down to desultory exchange of fire, two men pulled out of the line long enough to run off the Apaches' horses. They had been hobbled with rawhide about an eighth of a mile from the temporary camp.

By determination and marksmanship Peck and his men were able to contain the Apaches there until the middle of the afternoon, when two units of Woolsey's force rode in. A combined closing-in attack was made before sundown. Even so, some of the Apaches managed to slip through the encircling, fast shooting whites. Twenty-six bodies were counted in the rocks and bushes and left there.

AFTER the Woolsey expedition, Peck engaged in several other Indian fights. His work then was to watch and guard range-running livestock around Prescott.

One day in the summer of 1866 while out deer hunting, Peck passed the open door of a cabin some fifteen miles from town. As he rode by, his keen hearing picked up what sounded like a weak cry for help. Reining about, he returned to the cabin, dismounted, and entered.

On a pole bunk lay Joseph R. Walker, even then a famous Arizona frontiersman, almost dead with mountain fever. He had been helpless for ten days and had existed somehow without food.

Peck hastily boiled a little deer meat, gave Walker some broth, then ran his mule all the way to Prescott to get help. Ever after Walker credited Peck with saving his life, saying he did not think he could have survived another day had his call of distress gone unheeded.

In 1872 Peck became a guide and scout for General Frank Wheaton at Fort Whipple in Chino Valley. He had mastered tracking and had become expert on Indian sign. On patrol with troopers he engaged in many skirmishes. Renegade Indians were taking their toll of the settlers pouring into the territory.

Tired of scouting, Peck quit the Army job in the early spring of 1875. For awhile he loafed in Prescott deciding what to do next. Then one day in a saloon two hardy prospectors proudly showed a sack of ore that assayed in silver values almost $2,000 to the ton. Curious, Peck examined several pieces. To his astonishment they were the same color and weight of the boulders that had broken into fragments in his hands in the glen where he battled the Apaches ten years before.

"So this black stuff is silver?" he mused.

"It's ruby silver [pyrargyrite], the only black-red kind I ever saw," one of them replied.

After the prospectors left, Peck stood at the bar drinking with a friend, George Kingston. All the while Peck kept shaking his head to himself, puzzled and wondering about that ore.

Finally Kingston asked, "What's bothering you, Ed?"

"That stuff—silver! I know where there's a million tons of it in plain sight, maybe several times more where it pitches into the ground. At least the rocks look exactly like the ones they had."

"Naw!" Kingston exclaimed.

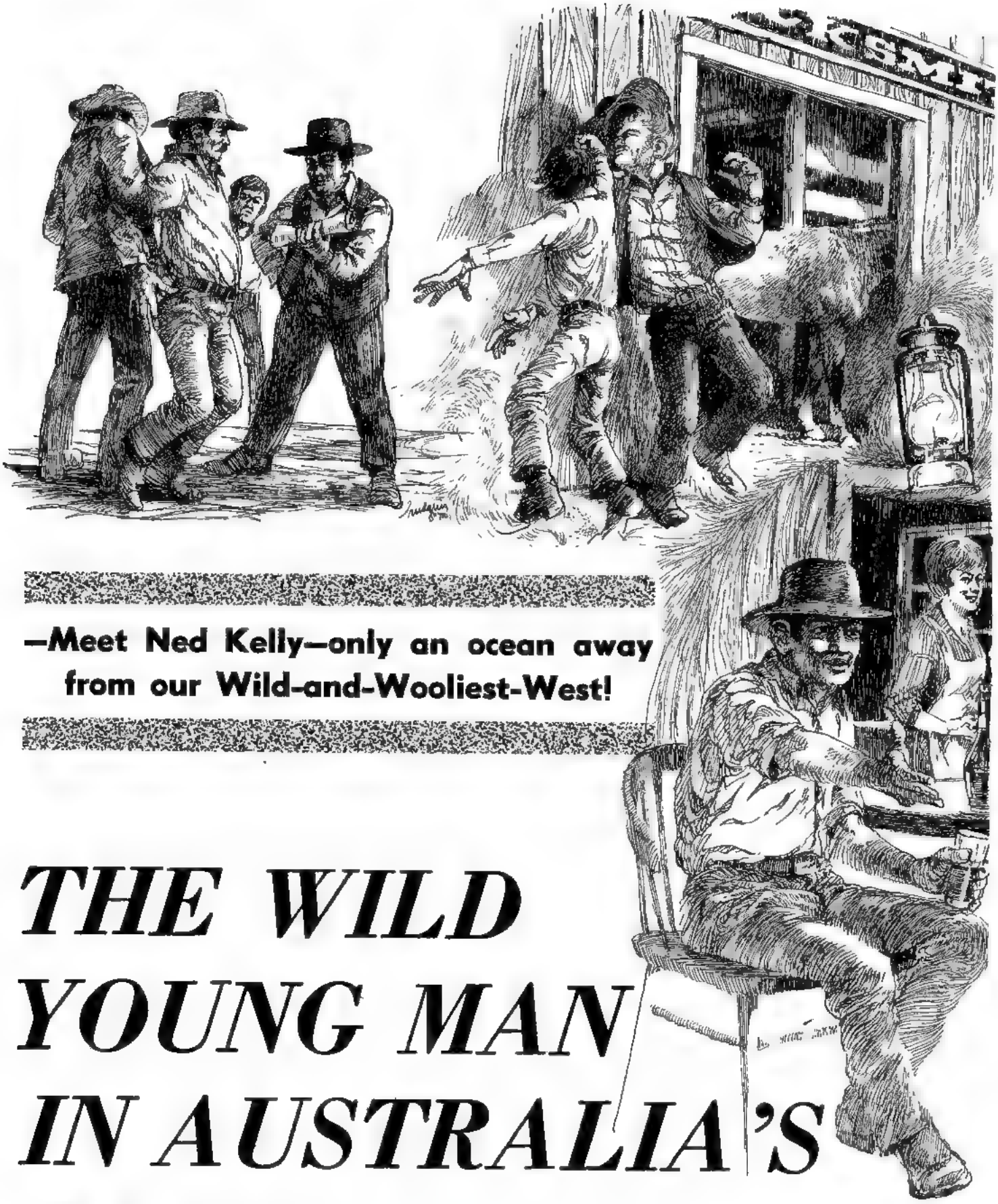
Peck told about the long-ago fight with Apaches in the Bradshaws and how he forted up in the rock glen.

When the word got around, Peck was propositioned to organize a company to go after it. Finally he and Kingston took in two others, forming an expedition into the Bradshaws where mines on the lower southeast side were already paying huge dividends. If Peck could return to what he had found, all of them would become wealthy.

For all his other virtues, Peck proved to be terribly inept as a prospector and miner. He led them into the Bradshaws but not over the route used in 1865. He had no trouble at all guiding on distant landmarks, but he did not seem to remember those closer at hand.

His discovery had been so long ago that he was expected to get off course somewhat, but twice they actually became lost in the mountains, which seemed

(Continued on page 59)



—Meet Ned Kelly—only an ocean away from our Wild-and-Wooliest-West!

THE WILD YOUNG MAN IN AUSTRALIA'S PAST

YOUNG NED KELLY ran through the streets as the bullets swirled around him. The safety of Ned's gang overshadowed his concern about the gaping

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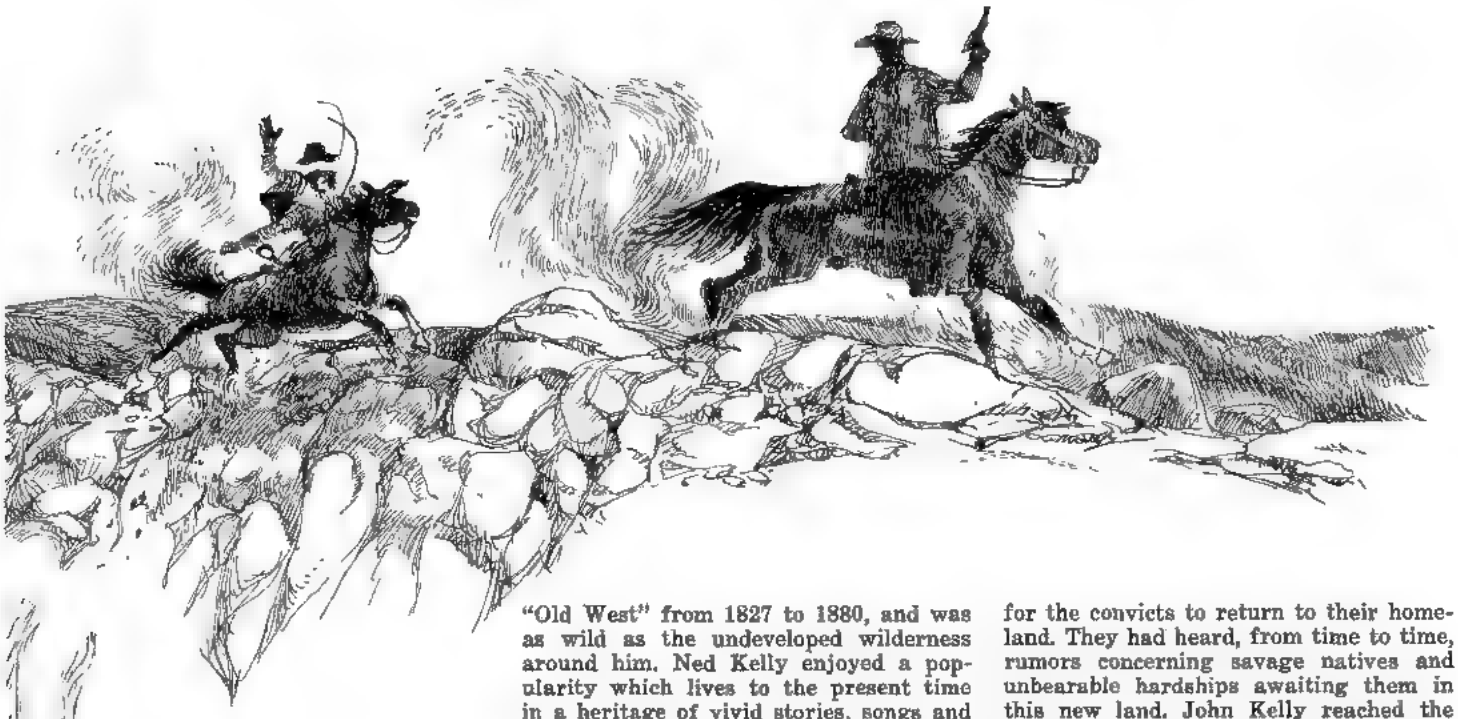

By M. H. ZIMMERMAN

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

bullet wound in his arm. He felt dizzy but forced himself to continue toward their hideout. Ned thought about his goal—to reach a suit of armor which would soon render him invincible!

This brave young man figured prominently in the history of Australia's "Old West" from 1827 to 1880, and was as wild as the undeveloped wilderness around him. Ned Kelly enjoyed a popularity which lives to the present time in a heritage of vivid stories, songs and poems. One of the best loved people of that era, he successfully eluded the police for many years with the aid of the local settlers.

Legends of Ned Kelly embody the color of Australia's past and cannot be told unless attention is drawn to the conditions at that time.

Van Dieman's Land (now named Tasmania), an island situated some 150 miles off the south coast of the Australian continent, was the site of England's principal penal colony. Around the year 1827, England sent many unfortunates to Van Dieman's Land for such trifling crimes as:

#389—William . ....., age 18 years, tailor's boy. Sentenced to transportation for life, May 31, 1827. Offence: Stealing a hankerchief First offence.

842—John ....., age 21 years, rough carpenter. Sentenced to transportation for life, February 15, 1827. Offence: Skating on private property. First offence.

#869—Dutton ....., age 42 years, farm laborer. Transported for seven years. Offence: Stealing cheese from his master's kitchen.

#46—Mary Ann ....., age 18 years. Transported for 20 years. Offence: Setting fire to a stack of hay.

NED KELLY was the son of one of these. John Kelly, Ned's father, became another one of the many victims of Britain's harsh laws. In Tipperary, Ireland, a neighbor accused John of stealing two pigs thus setting into motion the forces which were to shape his future. He was held seven months while awaiting passage to Australia. On July 31, 1841 twenty-two-year-old John Kelly was brought aboard a convict ship for the dreaded journey. The great distance of their exile made it virtually impossible for the convicts to return to their homeland. They had heard, from time to time, rumors concerning savage natives and unbearable hardships awaiting them in this new land. John Kelly reached the shores of Van Dieman's Land on January 2, 1842 to commence serving his seven-years sentence at Port Arthur after being confined for one year and two days without receiving any credit toward completing his term.

According to the *Australian Encyclopedia* (Michigan State University Press, 1958, Volume 5, page 167): "Antecedents of the Kellys. John Kelly, the father of Ned and Dan, was born in Tipperary, Ireland, in 1820. His mother's maiden name was Mary Cody; she was, it appears likely, a relative of William F. Cody ('Buffalo Bill'), whose forebears went to the United States from Tipperary."

John Kelly and the other convicts could little appreciate the great natural beauty of Port Arthur, the site chosen for the prison complex. The peninsula on which it was located extends southward about fifty miles from what is now the capital city of Tasmania—Hobart. The convicts were brought to a narrow strip of land, Eaglehawk Neck, which provided access to the peninsula and was bounded on each side by water. Nature had offered a location ideally suited for the purpose of detention.

Kelly was frightened when he saw the forty half-starved, vicious dogs chained across Eaglehawk Neck to guard the gateway to freedom and he soon realized that cruelty was the principal force in the pulse beat of the prison system. One way to better visualize his daily life at Port Arthur is to examine the following "approved for prisoners":

"The prisoners are cautioned against committing any of the undermentioned offences, for which they will be liable to punishment, viz—communicating or attempting to communicate with each other, whether by word or sign; reading aloud; singing or making any other noise whatever, except such as may be unavoidable in the performance of their labor; not maintaining the proper interval from

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143
Port Fairy
Portland Bay
Port Phillip
Western Port
Phillip I.
Corner Inlet
Seal I.
Kent Is.
Kings I.
Hunter Is.
Barren I.
Furneaux Is.
Flinders I.
Banks Str.
C. Portland
Ringarooma
Georgetown
Launceston
St. Patrick Hd.
Ge. Swan Port
Freycinet Peninsula
Macquarie Harb.
C. Sorell
Pt. Hibbs
Montgomery
Rocky Pt.
Port Davey
S. W. Cape
Oyster B.
Maria I.
Tasman Peninsula & Pirate B.
Port Arthur & C. Pillar
Storm Bay
Bruny I. & Tasman Hd.
Piedra Blanca or Eddystone
Ordnance Pt.
Arthur R.
Preman R.
Cradle Mt.
Lake King
Lake Victoria
Point Hicks
Wilson Hd.
Hummock I.
Great I.
STRAIT
Table C.
Sorell
Tamar R.
Launceston
Westbury
York
Richmond
HOBART
Franklin
Bathurst
Colac
Alberton
Tarwin
Princeton
Peterboro
C. Otway
C. Nelson & C. Grant
C. Bridgewater
Woolnorth & West Pt.
C. Grim
Circular Hd.
Stanley C.
Robbins I.
Burnie
Forth
Devonport
Latrobe
Ulverstone
Penguin
Table C.
Barren I.
C. Liptrap
C. Paterson
Glennie I.
Prom
Western Port
Port Phillip
Gippsland
Sidney R.
Wilsons Prom
Kent Is.
Great I.
Furneaux Is.
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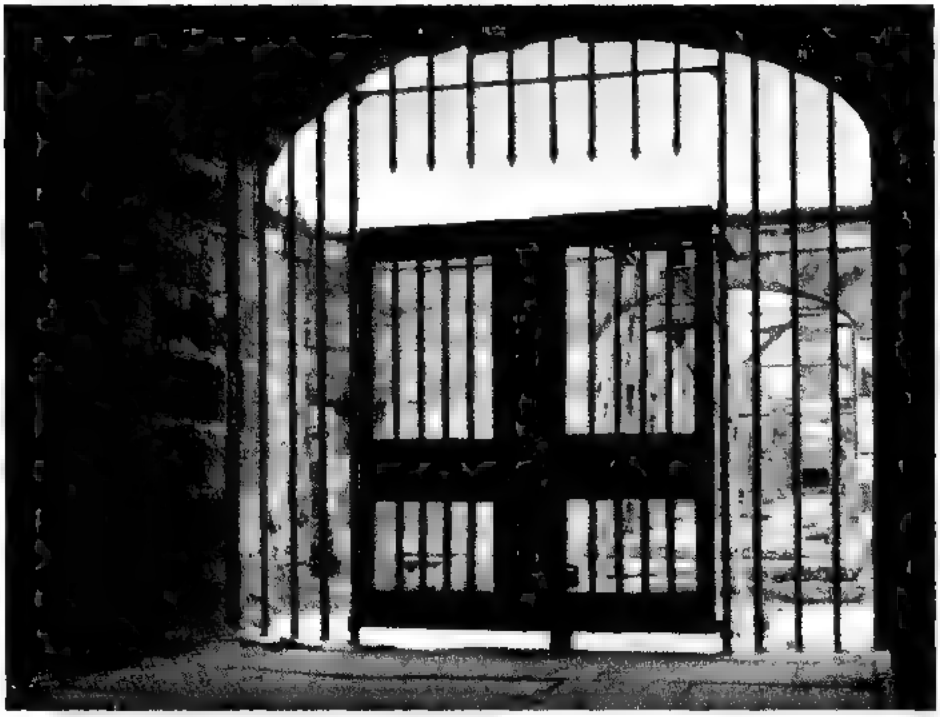
Banks Str.
C. Portland
Ringarooma
Georgetown
Launceston
St. Patrick Hd.
Ge. Swan Port
Freycinet Peninsula



Courtesy Australian Department of Information

Old jail at Port Arthur, Tasmania.

but as the area developed, 4,000 convicts a year converged upon this small island.

A depression finally goaded the unhappy colonists to petition England to desist in this practice of using Australia as a dumping ground for undesirables. The settlers resented being taxed to defray the costs of such a prison administration policy. Talk of revolution became more heated when England ignored their wishes.

SPURRED by the hope of starting a new life and a desire to stay out of the local trouble, John Kelly ventured to Victoria. There the economy was considerably better and John arrived amidst a burst of activity. Gold had been discovered and had acted as a magnet to adventurers from all over the world. The rustle of long silk skirts, splendid private clubs, affluent people seeking diversion, were some of the sights and sounds greeting John Kelly. And though fate repeatedly demonstrated its cruel hand by reserving those cherished gifts of success and good fortune for other men, he labored industriously with spirits high, actively seeking dividends from an indifferent ground.

During this time the British government paid passage for a large number of people to encourage the colonization of Australia. Eighteen-year-old Nelly Quinn and her family elected to travel from Ireland under this plan. The Quinns bought cattle and settled in Beveridge, Victoria. When John Kelly became weary of digging for gold and decided to look for work elsewhere, he went to the Quinn residence seeking employment and immediately became attracted to Nelly. Perhaps it was the fact that she was from his homeland, for John was very lonely.

Nelly Quinn was nostalgic about Ireland, often reminiscing to John for hours about familiar places. This new country did not compensate for the friends and gay social life she had previously known. John, on the other hand, had felt life's harsh blows at an early age and now, at thirty-one, was ready to settle down.

His graphic descriptions of the injustices he had endured influenced Nelly to share his prejudices against the law. One moonlit evening, as the couple strolled along the banks of the Billabong, he proposed. They married and set up housekeeping near the Quinn residence. John's and Nelly's first child, the famous Edward (Ned) Kelly, was born in 1854. Later there were two more sons, James and Daniel, and three daughters.

In Ned's growing years he constantly heard heated stories about objectional police practices in the prisons. His innocent young mind was molded by his father's attitudes. One wonders whether the course of his future might have been changed if such hadn't been the case. Over the year this venom of hatred demoralized Ned, and he eventually joined his family in their antisocial stand against authority.

YOUNG NED KELLY would happily untie the police officers' horses from the posts whenever they went into a restaurant or store. The police suspected Ned but were unable to catch him committing the act.

Animosity was mutual as Ned's playful pranks became more imaginative. His parents encouraged him, while the settlers found the incidents amusing. His spontaneity captured the settlers' hearts and they often traveled out of their way to visit him. Under normal circumstances Ned's brash nature would have matured with age but fate had other plans for him.

Constable Fitzpatrick arrested Jack Quinn, Nelly's brother, for stealing cattle, thus stirring the volatile emotions of the two families. The crescendo of their loud protests carried throughout the area. When the Quinns and the Kellys visited Jack at the city jail, their verbal abuse would often try the patience of the officers who knew the magnitude of their task of enforcing order in a lawless country.

Bushrangers robbed stagecoaches daily as they roamed Australia's rugged backwoods, and officers were forced to adopt a hardboiled attitude due to the constant dangers they faced.

Eventually Jack Quinn's trial was held, and much to the dissatisfaction of the police he was acquitted. Jack arrogantly rose in the courtroom and castigated the officers present. This episode irritated Constable Fitzpatrick who decided to place both families under a close surveillance. This was soon to develop into a personal grudge.

The Quinns and Kellys celebrated their surprise victory by throwing a party. The evening was a brief glorious moment of triumph for John Kelly; on the following day the two families realized that they were being watched. At first John and the others laughed, but when day after day they peered out of their windows to see Constable Fitzpatrick sitting high on a chestnut colored horse, the matter lost its humor. To young Ned, especially, this harassment brought anguish.

One month after Jack Quinn's trial, a report of missing cattle gave Constable Fitzpatrick a pretext for arresting Jack again. Headstrong Ned made such a scene in front of the jail, the police were on the verge of arresting him too. Constable Fitzpatrick presented flimsy evidence at the trial and the case against Jack was dismissed.

JOHN, Ned's father, contemplated moving because he felt that the atmosphere was not condusive to the wellbeing of his family. At fourteen years of age, Ned already was consumed by hate instead of developing along the normal path of other boys his age. After reviewing recent events, John decided to investigate prospects in Jerilderie, a nearby town in northern Victoria.

During John's absence, Jack Quinn became involved in an argument which culminated in blows with Constable Fitzpatrick. This disturbance consequently brought Jack his first prison term of six weeks. John Kelly was visibly upset upon returning to find Jack imprisoned. He held Nelly in his arms as she cried. Then John looked at Ned and decided definitely to resettle the two families in Jerilderie after Jack's release. Unpleasant memories of John's own confinement crept into his mind.

Unfortunately the Quinns and the Kellys were so busy preparing for their trip that they neglected to mend the fence around the ranch, thereby allowing their cattle to roam into a neighbor's pasture. John Kelly rode onto Morgan's property to round up his stock but his quick-tempered neighbor jumped to con-

(Continued on page 54)

Above, concrete foundations that held timbers and carts carrying dirt to disposal areas now appear like gigantic tombstones.

Above, a remembrance from its last inhabitants, someone's scrawled initials and the date. Below, the mill stands tall against the sky, defiant of wind and sun. In background are the entrances to the mine shafts.

IS MERCUR REALLY DEAD THIS TIME?

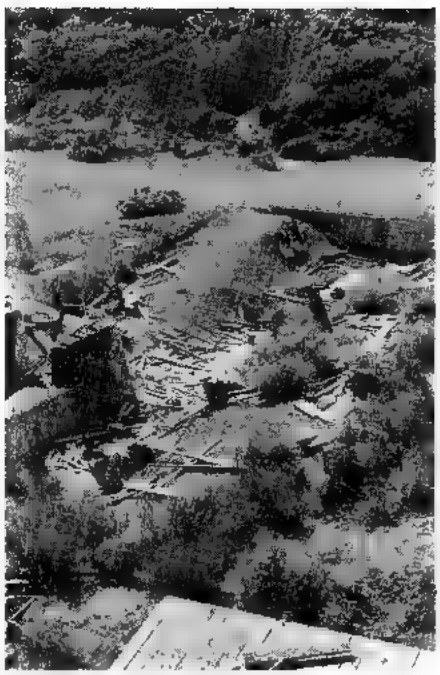
By GARLAND WEST, JR.
Photos Courtesy Author

A FEW weathered planks, a few bleak, stone walls, and tons of broken bricks lying exposed to the desert sun and wind for nearly one hundred years—that's all that's left of Mercur, a deserted town tucked beneath Utah's Oquirrh Mountains, thirty-five miles southwest of Salt Lake City.

Way back in 1912 it had 12,000 inhabitants; today its only "residents" are the bike riders who take the winding, five-mile road up the canyon to cycle on the mountains of dirt left from decades of mining.

What killed Mercur? Inaccessibility?

Above, framed by the mouth of an old shaft, mounds of refined dirt and the lonely mountains in the distance. Many of the shafts have collapsed, but a few remain open for several hundred yards. At bottom of page, the broken stairway to an old sifter.



Above, of some buildings only the foundations remain.

The tenacity of the rock to cling to its silver ore in the face of early refining techniques? Or did it just play out?

Born in 1869, it was deserted by 1880. Revived in 1890, it flourished until 1913. Another twenty years of life began in 1931, but now it is just another frontier ghost town.

To have had so many chances, Mercur had a hard time even getting started. Early Mormon leaders stifled mining growth. Brigham Young feared the corruption and strife that Gentile gold miners would bring. With the memory of Joseph Smith's murder in Missouri fresh in Mormon minds, few wanted unnecessary contact with those hostile to Mormon tenets. The mining of iron, copper and other ores vital to pioneer life was encouraged, but gold "was for the paving of streets," said one leader in a round-about Biblical allusion.

In an 1849 sermon, Brigham Young explained: "Do not any of you suffer the thought to enter your minds that you must go to the gold mines in search of riches. That is no place for the Saints [Mormons]. Some have gone there and returned; they keep coming and going, but their garments are spotted, almost universally. . . . The man who is trying to gain for himself the perishable things of this world . . . may despair of ever obtaining a cross of glory."

Maybe an old mining town can build up a resistance to last rites like a human can do with germs!

As a whole, Mormons preferred to capitalize on the gold boom by providing for the mercantile needs of the miners. Mercur and the rest of Utah mining received its start from the commanding officer of the U.S. Army troops garrisoned in Salt Lake City in 1862, Patrick E. Connor.

Connor was more concerned with the worldly development of Utah than its spiritual growth, and his conflict with Mormon leaders is well chronicled. How much of the conflict arose from a concern for Utah and how much arose from a personal or religious dislike of the Mormons is still a moot point.

The Army commander gave his men time off from military duties to prospect in the surrounding areas—possibly with the hope that successful mining operations would wrest control from the area's religious leaders. His campaign was partially successful; his soldiers' explorations did help open the country to miners, but the Mormons retained control.

THE FIRST prospectors in the long, narrow canyon leading to Mercur appeared in 1869. "I. Greenley" is recorded as the first official claimant.

Ore was scarce there compared to the bountiful lodes found by soldiers in nearby Alta Canyon. That canyon's Emma silver mile was yielding $180 per ton—but prospectors in the Mercur area were not to be denied. By 1870 they had organized their stakes into a district and given it the name of Lewiston. Gradually, the rock began to yield silver.

The names of the mines reflect the spirit and poetry of the times—the Sparrowhawk . . . Last Chance . . . Silver Cloud . . . Mormon Chief . . . Marion . . . Grecian Bend.

Within three years, the boom town of Lewiston appeared to be in its prime.

The road to Mercur winds through the narrow canyon past the shell of an old store and several dried up cyanide tanks. Cyanide refining gave Mercur a new life in the 1890s. Today, not a blade of grass will grow from the poisoned earth in the vats.

Leandro Steele bragged of shipping $80-000 worth of ore from his mine, the Carrie Steele. Stagecoaches made six trips each day between Lewiston and Rush Valley as the population swelled to 2,000.

Then as quickly as it all began the tide of wealth, silver and growth began to ebb. The first hint that the ore was playing out came from rumors in 1874—and by 1880 no one was left in the town of Lewiston.

A Bavarian immigrant, Arie Pinedo, was the next hopeful. For two years he staked claims here and there and made preparations to begin mining, but his plans collapsed when he found that the remaining ore couldn't be retrieved by conventional refining. He did leave something behind, however—he gave Lewiston its new name of Mercur.

Pinedo originally thought he had found a vein of cinnabar—mercury. He gave his find that appellation, only in his native German tongue.

Others optimistically bought the deserted claims; companies formed; and the population began to grow—to 400, to 6,000, and to a peak of 12,000 in 1912.

One group invested over $55,000 in trying to extract the gold, but seemingly to no avail. Almost as a last-ditch effort, they sent some ore to a Denver plant trying out a new form of cyanide refining. It worked, and by 1895 the stockholders were getting returns on their investments. The new process even made low-grade ores profitable.

A young engineer from Cripple Creek, Colorado was called in to build a mill. D. C. Jackling's Golden Gate Mill was to run thirteen years, processing hundreds of tons of ore for the Consolidated Mercur Mine Company.

In 1896, a narrow-gauge railroad was built to the town. In the same year, a fire razed the camp, but revitalized Mercur rose from the ashes within weeks. There were even enough people to support a newspaper—the Mercur *Mercury*.

The sparse water problem seemed abated when an enterprising young man named John Nicholson opened a water-hauling service from the only spring in the district. Water could be bought by the cup, bucket, or barrel—and a new baby earned the proud family one month's free water.

In 1895 work began on a pipeline to nearby Ophir that would assure a continuous water supply. Another fire in 1902 didn't even slow the boom. The future seemed as golden as the refined ore.

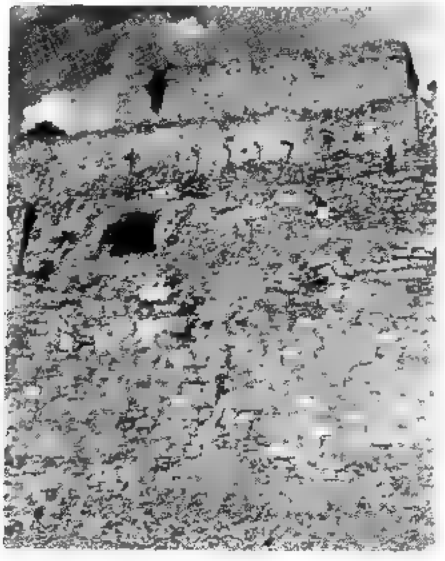
BUT the fickle cycle came full swing again within ten years. The ore began to play out; the mill closed; the railroad picked up its tracks; families dismantled their homes and began leaving the canyon. By 1925 Mercur was again deserted.

Six years passed before Mercur was given another chance. Members of the Sacramento Gold & Quicksilver Mining Company bought up claims and rights to several diggings. Soon the International Smelting Company and Snyder Brothers joined the resurgence, and Mercur's three miles of underground shafts were thriving again.

Above ground a second company began something new for the old camp—open cut mining. With the introduction of new mining techniques, Mercur's tenacious rock yielded gold in such quantities that the isolated community became the state's second largest gold-producing camp. The bubble burst in 1951. Some said the companies closed down because of World War II. Others believed that the ore had played out.

Is Mercur at last dead? Or is it just in the midst of a multi-decade sabbatical? No one seems to know right now, and few seem to care. But how soon would their tune change if yet another vein were found? Mighty quick.

From the stone abutments surrounding the shaft entrances, the mined ore was lowered to the smelter several hundred feet below. At right, mine entrances and ore chutes are still visible.



SIOUX AND REE

—From a handwritten account (date unknown) of Jeane LaCroix Douglas, for many years Field Matron and Government Interpreter on the Crow Creek Reservation in South Dakota...

By JEANE LaCROIX DOUGLAS
submitted by
JOHN W. DOUGLAS

Illustrated by Dan Taulbee

Explanatory Note: The following sketch was taken from a handwritten account by Jeane LaCroix Douglas, Field Matron and Government Interpreter on the Crow Creek Reservation many years ago. We have been unable to determine the year in which it was written.

WO-DA-KO-TA meant an agreement between two tribes to live in peace with each other. As a rule such a pact was kept faithfully but now and then an individual or small group would violate the treaty.

Such an agreement was entered into between the Sioux on the one side and the Ree on the other by the terms of which they were never again to wage war against each other.

After a dry hot summer the Sioux found themselves with a scarcity of corn for the winter. The Ree Indians were skilled in the raising of corn and nearly always had plenty and to spare. They raised a kind of corn that was especially fine for food. The kernels were large and white. This corn was prepared in a number of ways. Sometimes it was parched, then pounded to a coarse meal. When boiling water was poured into it, with the addition of a little fat, it made a very palatable dish.

Another dish of which they were very fond was hulled corn which was prepared by first boiling in ashes and water until the skin would crack a little when blown upon, then washing the corn repeatedly until no trace of the lye or ashes remained. It was put on to cook with fresh meat if they had it, or with jerked or dried meat. Cooked until tender this was a dish both palatable and nutritious. It is not surprising that the Sioux were willing to make a hard trip to obtain a supply for the long winter ahead.

Taking with them a supply of moccasins, robes, etc. to trade, a delegation set out for Ree country to deal for corn. There were about ten men besides the women in the party. The rest of the band remained in camp where they were going to settle for the winter.

Belonging to this band of Sioux was the family of George Odd Face from whom I have this story and who still lives at Fort Thompson, South Dakota, on the Crow Creek Indian Reservation.

The father of Odd Face had two wives. One he had married early and her children were all grown, but the children of the younger wife were too young to make such a trip. They, with the father and the elder wife, remained in the village while the younger wife went along with her father, her brother called "Scalper," and her mother whose name was "Gray Horn Woman" but who was nicknamed "Her Plum Seed." This last name came from a game that the Indians played—"Shooting Plum Seeds"—so called because it was played with plum seeds that had been dried and decorated by burning designs on them. Odd Face was the son of the younger wife and remained at home with his father and his "other mother."

The weather, after the first killing frosts and cold nights, had settled into that perfect and most enjoyable season known as Indian Summer when the

(Continued on page 38)

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LUBBOCK BROTHERS

Two young adventurers from South Carolina followed different land; and the new Republic needed both

By WILLIAM L. ROPER

Photos Courtesy Texas State Library

EVEN before he was out of his teens, Thomas Saltus Lubbock had felt the call of adventure. It had taken him to New York where he found employment in a steamboat boiler factory. But an incident that occurred there in June 1835 altered his life.

On that eventful morning, a burly boiler maker tapped the tall, blond boy on the arm and said, "Tom, I want you to drop everything and go down to the post office on an errand."

"I'd like to change clothes, sir," the boy replied with his soft, South Carolina accent. "I'm pretty dirty."

"No, you ain't got time!" The man glared down at the lanky youth. "This is a rush job. Go just as you are."

"I'd have to pass some of my kin on the way and I wouldn't want them to see me so dirty," Tom protested. "I'd hate for them to see me—"

"Get goin'!" growled the boss, turning away.

Tom Lubbock, sixteen but large for his age, strode angrily out of the boiler shop, changed into his street clothes in the adjoining room, and went out into the busy street. But instead of going to the post office on the errand as commanded, he headed for South Carolina.

When he arrived at his home on South Battery in Charleston, his widowed mother, Mrs. Susan Ann Lubbock, was on her deathbed. She died the morning of July 4, 1835 just as the guns on the Battery were booming out their salute to Independence Day, and shortly thereafter Tom was on his way West to live and die fighting.

Today a Texas county and a city bear the name Lubbock because of him. And if Tom Lubbock had not volunteered to fight for Texas Independence in 1836, his older brother, Francis Richard Lubbock, might not have been the state's famous war-time governor from 1861 to 1863—for Francis first came to Texas seeking trace of his young, adventurous brother.

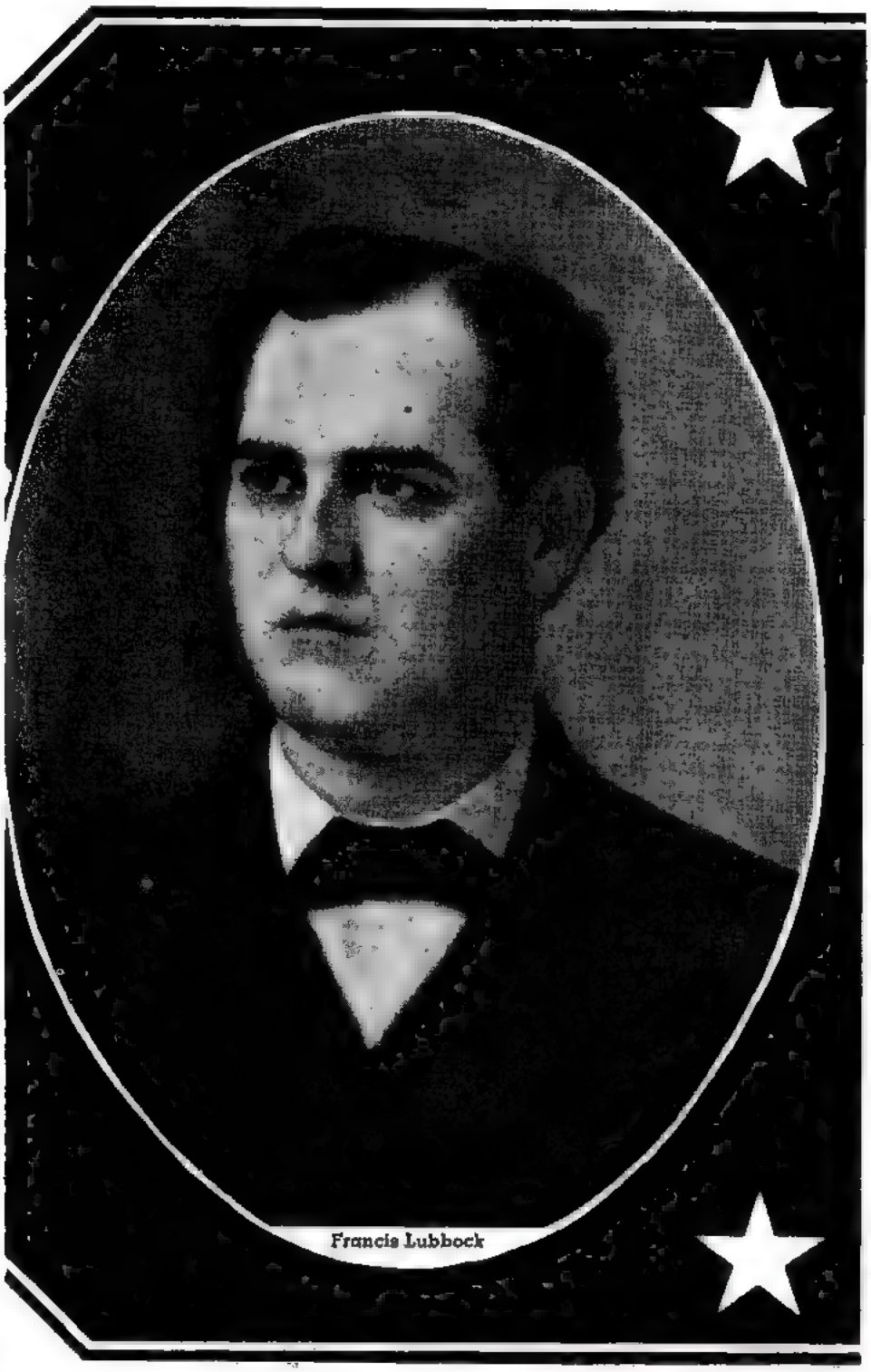
A part of the adventure story of these two brothers is told modestly but in considerable detail in an old book of which only a few copies remain. It is *Six Decades in Texas or the Memoirs of Francis Richard Lubbock*, published in Austin in 1900.

Col. Tom Lubbock

CHANGED TEXAS

stars through the dangerous firmament of a bankrupt and lawless

of them—one to fight, the other to plan



Francis Lubbock

BOTH Tom and Francis were born in South Carolina, near Beaumont; Francis on October 16, 1851, and Tom two years later. Their father, Dr. Henry Thomas Willis Lubbock, had studied medicine at Oxford in England, but in seeking a more exciting life had turned to steamboating. This had brought him to South Carolina, where he was captain of *The Commerce,* the first steamboat to make the run between Charleston and Augusta. He had also commanded the *Henry Schultze,* an elegant steamboat on which General Lafayette journeyed from Charleston to Augusta during his visit to America in 1824. Stroking the heads of the two Lubbock boys, General Lafayette had wished them good luck. For Francis the wish would come true, but Tom was not to be quite so fortunate.

Part of Tom's early difficulties stemmed from his dislike for school, and this led to conflicts with his teachers. Their father had died of "country fever" at age thirty-seven, while both boys were small, and Tom soon began rebelling against conventional city life.

In his autobiography Francis, often known as Frank, explained how Tom became a "dropout." "My brother, Tom," he wrote, "was attending the South Carolina Society School. W. D. Porter was his teacher. Tom, then 12, got in a fight with Porter and refused to return to school."

Although Porter was a distant relative, and the Lubbock and Porter families were intimate friends, the two Lubbock brothers made the mistake of deciding to beat up the teacher. One night as Porter was walking along the Battery wall, near their home, they succeeded in giving him a beating "with his fine clothing nearly ruined," Francis recalled. The incident ended with the Lubbock boys learning "a better lesson when they whipped a schoolmaster than they ever learned when the schoolmaster whipped them." It was this and similar trouble, as well as the thirst for adventure, that led to Tom's apprenticeship as a boiler maker.

Troubled by Tom's refusal to attend school, Mrs. Lubbock sought the aid of a kinsman, Captain James Curry of Savannah, Georgia. Curry arranged Tom's apprenticeship to the Allair Iron Works of New York, the largest manufacturer of steamboat boilers in the United States at that time.

For a time Tom found New York strange and exciting, but he soon began to tire of the boiler making routine. The work was too confining; the noise too

ear-splitting. He was also homesick. Perhaps that explains his sudden decision to defy his foreman when ordered to do an errand.

Meanwhile, the more studious Francis had been learning the trade of bookkeeper in a Charleston hardware company owned by James H. Merritt, an Englishman. But he, too, was dissatisfied. Bookkeeping was too prosaic. He did not intend to spend his life on a high stool, adding and subtracting and keeping ledgers.

Francis called on his guardian, Francis C. Black of Charleston, and persuaded him to advance $2,000 from the estate of the elder Lubbock. Francis then promptly quit his job and took a stage for New Orleans. There he and a friend, Charles T. Ketchum, started a wholesale drug business in 1834 with the $2,000 Francis had obtained from his father's estate.

Their drug business consisted mainly of selling castor oil, quinine, and calomel. They sold the castor oil to dealers up the river on credit at $100 a barrel—a losing venture from the beginning. On February 5, 1835, Francis married Adele Baron, the sixteen-year-old daughter of a well-to-do Creole family of New Orleans, and invested her dowry in his drug business.

In June of that year, Francis received word that his mother was dying at her home in Charleston. Accompanied by his wife, Francis hurried home and found Tom already there. Both brothers were with their mother when she died. Following the funeral, Francis and his brother-in-law, Captain Curry, tried to persuade Tom to return to his job in New York, but Tom was determined not to do that.

"Let me go to New Orleans with you and Adele, Frank," Tom pleaded. "I can get a job there and we'll all be together."

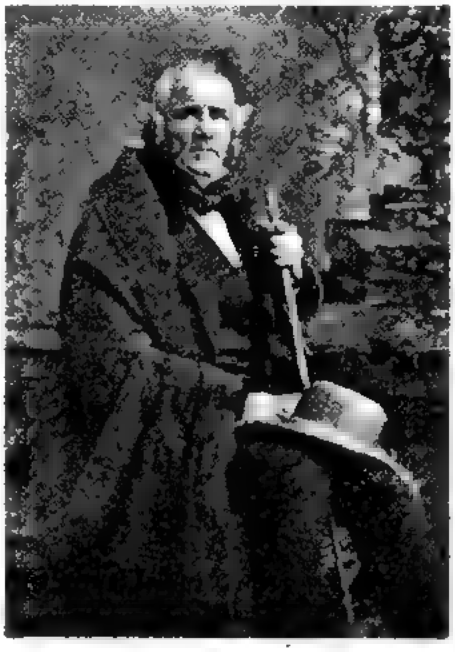
The argument that they should stick together won, and a few days later when Frank and Adele set out for New Orleans, Tom rode with them. They traveled by South Carolina Railroad to Hamburg, and from Hamburg to Montgomery, Alabama, by stage. It was a hot, sticky journey, part of it in rain and over muddy roads. Between Columbus and Montgomery the stage overturned, spraining Francis' wrist and so severely injuring Adele that she required medical treatment. Tom escaped injury.

SOON AFTER their arrival in New Orleans, Tom got a job in a cotton warehouse—very little better than the job he had quit in New York. Tom, however, said nothing to worry Francis who was having troubles of his own. Francis had discovered after his return from Charleston that his drug business was on the verge of bankruptcy. Finally under the pressure of creditors, he and Ketchum were forced to close their store and settle their debts.

"We were honorable in giving up everything," Francis recorded. "I made no claim for money of Mrs. Lubbock's used in the concern, which in Louisiana in that day was a preferred claim. I reserved nothing but my horse."

Despite this business disaster, Francis was soon employed as a dealer in watches, jewelry, silverware and firearms at $2,000 a year—a princely salary for a young man in that period, for business, in general, was shaky. Night after night citizens gathered in the coffee houses of New Orleans to talk of the yellow fever epidemic then sweeping the city. And often their talk would turn to the unknown West which held such appeal for the dissatisfied.

Texas, it was generally agreed, was the land of opportunity even though, at the moment, it was facing the threat of a Mexican invasion and was making an appeal for volunteers. Two of Francis'



From Scribner's Magazine; June, 1906.

Sam Houston, the new President of the Republic of Texas, lived in the house built by Francis Lubbock especially for the Republic's leader.

friends, R. C. Morris and William G. Cooke, were especially responsive to this need and decided to call a meeting in a local coffee shop to discuss organizing aid for the beleagured Texans.

Tom attended that meeting in October 1835, and the following morning his blue eyes were sparkling with excitement as he told Francis and Adele the surprising news.

"We had a great meeting last night," Tom said. "We organized the first Company of the New Orleans Grays to go to the aid of Texas. I was the first to volunteer."

Francis stared at his younger brother in dismay. Later he recorded: "The morning after the meeting, Tom informed me that he was the first to volunteer, and he wished me to assist him off. I was sadly disappointed. He had a good place. He was so young to go on such an expedition without a particular friend or counselor. Though well up in all manly sports, quite an athlete, very strong and muscular, and full of fire and determination, he was only 17 years of age.

"But as he was fixed in his purpose, I fell into his views, fitted him out, and bade him Godspeed, knowing that our folks at home in South Carolina would censure me for submitting to the arrangement.

"Thus he left New Orleans with his company, known as the 'New Orleans Grays,' the first volunteer company to arrive in Texas from abroad. They were in time to volunteer in the advance upon the storming of Bexar."

In the Battle of Bexar, which began December 5, 1835 after a long siege, Tom fought gallantly under the command of Colonel Ben Milam, who was killed during the second day of the fighting. Tom left no written account of this experience. Unlike Francis, he was a fighter, not a writer.

During the five-day engagement at San Antonio, a band of 300 Texans, including the New Orleans Grays, routed and captured 1,100 Mexicans. The victory gave new encouragement to the fighters for independence.

Not long afterward, Sam Houston was chosen General in Chief of the Texas Army, and a provisional government was established; but the winter that followed was one of hardship and disaster although General Santa Anna's invasion with an army of 6,000 men did not actually get underway until early in 1836.

THE Goliad massacre, and the fall of the Alamo on March 6, 1836, dramatized the plight of the Texans and the odds they faced. News of how an army of 2,400 Mexicans under the leadership of Santa Anna had captured the Alamo, killing its 188 defenders, including the famous David Crockett and thirteen other Tennessee volunteers, reached Francis in New Orleans. Although Tom had been fighting elsewhere at the time and was not among the victims, Francis' worry over his young brother increased.

Tom was too busy to write home. As the months passed without any word, Francis' anxiety continued to grow. In addition, he had financial worries. "I was struggling with financial difficulties on the ebb-tide of failure," he later recorded. So he decided to go to Texas to seek trace of Tom.

Sailing from New Orleans on the schooner *Colonel Fannin*, he landed at Velasco, Texas late in October 1836. He immediately opened a store there, but later transferred his business to Houston. And finally, after considerable effort, he found Tom. The young volunteer was fine, except his clothes were ragged and battle-torn. He had been having the time of his life, he said—"fighting Mexicans was much more fun than boilermaking or working in a cotton warehouse."

A person of natural charm and a skilled salesman, Francis was adept at making friends, and he also had another asset—he knew where to buy the best guns.

The great victory at San Jacinto on April 21, 1836 had been celebrated with

(Continued on page 51)

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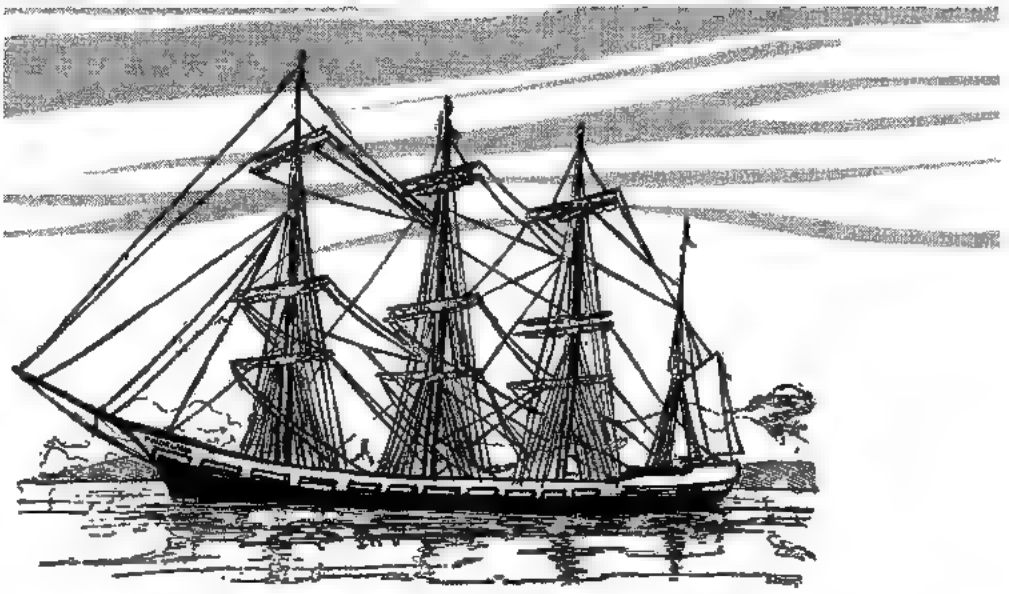
THE ANDELANA DISASTER



By ROWENA L. & GORDON D. ALCORN

Photos Courtesy Authors

Fate followed the captain to port —to make sure, as the captain had already promised himself, that this was his "last trip" . . .

Captain Staling (center, with spotted dog) and fourteen of his crew posed for this photo aboard the *Andelana*. Two of the crew members who died in the disaster are not present. Though the individual members are not identified, the man seated at far right is believed to be Percy Buck.

ONE of the eeriest and most shocking tragedies in maritime history occurred in Tacoma, Washington's harbor on January 14, 1899.

The British four-mast steel bark, *Andelana*, which would load wheat for England, was part of the picturesque sight made by eighteen "windjammers," anchored and awaiting their turn to take on cargo at the longest grain dock in the world.

The *Andelana*, a particularly handsome ship and valued at $150,000, had just completed a fast though stormy run across the Pacific from Shanghai. She was 304' long, with a 42' beam and a 25' hold. Captain George W. Staling, who was only forty-two, was a native of Annapolis, Nova Scotia, where he had a wife and three young children. He had been on the *Andelana* for ten months. The year before when he was master of the *Adrina*, that ship had collided with a passenger vessel off the Irish coast, but he had been exonerated of blame.

From the age of twenty Staling had been at sea, with only brief periods of home leave. He had been First Mate on the *Senator* and the *Truro*, then Captain of the *Colchester* and *Savona*.

When the *Andelana* arrived in Tacoma's port on January 6, she had a full crew of twenty-eight including officers. Eight seamen and the Second and Third Mates immediately asked to be paid off; they then signed on two other wheat-carriers, *Henry Failing* and the *Dirigo*. It soon became known around the waterfront hiring hall that because of some superstition about the *Andelana*, those men had refused to make another voyage on her. (The masts were unusually tall and this may have made her appear to be unstable in heavy seas.)

Staling did not have an easy time finding replacements, and when he did the new crewmen were told they would not need to come on board until the day before the ship was scheduled to sail from Tacoma. (How fortunate they were!) Her regular crewmen were not allowed shore leave for a full week. There was much work to be done. The hold needed a thorough cleaning, and the entire ship was to be repainted and her sails mended in preparation for the long voyage ahead.

Captain Staling was very proud of the fine vessel. "I want the *Andelana* to be resplendent," he told his lads.

Anchored about 300 yards off the St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Deepwater Docks, with all her ballast removed, the *Andelana*, was riding high, supported as was the custom for those windships, by a long thick log chained to each side

(Continued on page 65)

By EARL SNIPES

Photo Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Bud McCaulley

WHEAT HAR

It had been a bad season; little to show for it. Rai

they had to decide if they were willing to let a litt

IT RAINED incessantly the spring of 1921. Day after day awesome black clouds appeared on the western horizon and marched over the Kansas countryside, drenching the prairie and wheat lands in an endless downpour. The whole country was one enormous bog. Most roads—unpaved—were impassable, and entering the wheat fields was out of the question. Wheat threshing had to wait.

The harvest hands, a tough hardy bunch, took it all in stride and I think that it was a bundle-pitcher from Oklahoma who expressed his philosophy to all one morning, as we watched an almost frightening black cloud bear down on us. He stared steadily at the sky for a moment, then said: "I don't give a damn if it rains till Noah's flood looks like a dew."

We spent our days and nights in the hay-loft of a snug barn—reading or sleeping or playing penny-ante in a never-ending poker game. Three times a day we waded through mud to the mobile cookhouse for something to eat, courtesy of Perry Neisonger, owner of the threshing outfit.

We had left Pittsburg, Kansas in a covered wagon about the first of June, bound for Viola, a small town some thirty miles southwest of Wichita, to work in the wheat harvest. We had two teams, wagons and harness with which Pa and my brother Jim hauled for hire—much the same as they do with trucks these days. The harness was of the breeching type, with tall brass ball-tipped hames and two-inch leather tugs. Pa had nothing but contempt for farm harnesses with their leather-covered trace chains. The wagons were heavy duty Springfields with four-inch tires, and the big draft horses weighed around eighteen or nineteen hundred pounds each and all would "stay"—which meant that they would pull until something gave or they dropped in their tracks. Pa always kept his horses rolling fat and if it had come to a choice of whether the horses or we ate, I think the horses would have won out.

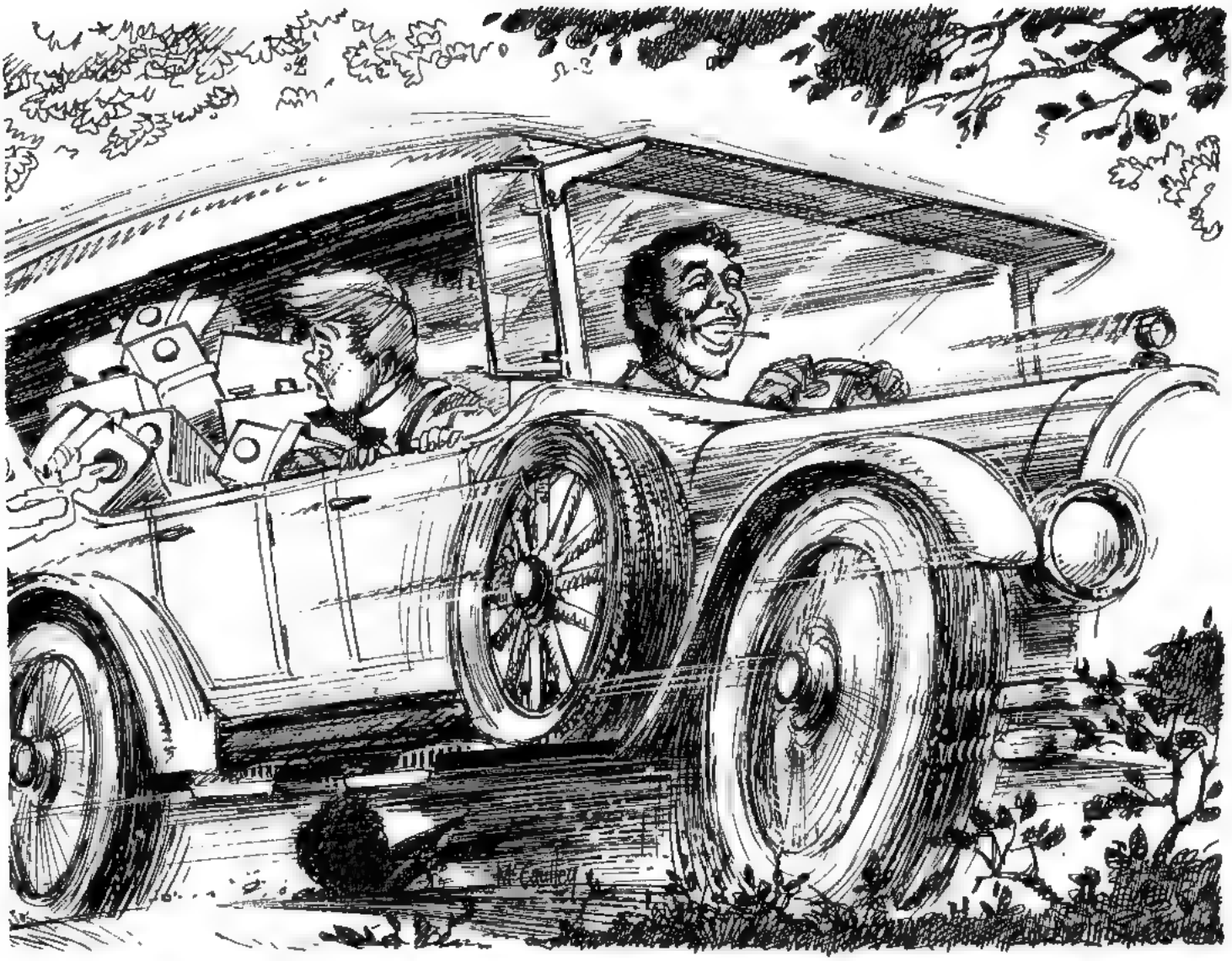
We three rode in the wagon under the canvas top—Pa, my seventeen-year-old brother Jim, and me. I was twelve at the time. My mother had died several years before. The wagon had a bed crosswise in the back under which the grub-box and other personal possessions were shoved. There was a spring seat up front for the driver.

The second team was trailed behind the first, cross-tied to the back of the wagon so it couldn't wander out into the occasional traffic that we encountered. Behind that wagon came another one owned by an old friend of Pa's named Ace Lay. He had decided at the last minute to go to the harvest with us.

WE TOOK turns at the monotonous job of driving. I took mine only when I was made to, for driving a team was no novelty to me—I had been handling horses ever since I could remember. I preferred to lie back on the bed and stare out through the rolled up sides of the canvas tops at the countryside or just daydream or sometimes nap.

It was a great adventure for a boy. I liked to think that we were like the old wagontrains that had crossed the plains a half century before, fighting Indians every step of the way—but our trek was somewhat different. The occasional Indian we encountered was generally from the Oklahoma oil country and was driving a Cadillac or a Pierce Arrow a block long.

We carried little or no water and there were numerous rivers and creeks, many of which we had to ford. There was also no dearth of small towns dotting the prairie. At night we camped by one of the streams or more often in the yard of one of the schools that were spaced every few miles along the road. The country schools made an ideal camping place for they were always surrounded by a good tight fence that served to keep out any



VEST AND MOONSHINE

had washed the money right out of their pockets. Now "illicit rainwater" wash it right back in again...

loose local stock, thus insuring plenty of feed for our teams when we camped at night. And, too, there was always a good well, usually served by a pump that was unique in itself. It consisted of an endless chain that ran down into the well with a series of small buckets spaced about a foot apart. When you turned the crank on the side of the well the buckets moved up one after another, each emptying about a pint of water into a receptacle from where it flowed through a spout much as any other pump.

There were always enough limbs and sticks around to build a campfire for cooking. Supper generally consisted of coffee, bacon, eggs, and fried spuds, the latter only about half-done. After supper was over we would sit in the soft warm night and talk, or Ace would bring out his guitar and sing. He had a pretty good voice and the songs he sang were hauntingly sad; many of them were never to be recognized or published as he had written them himself. One in particular that I liked had to do with life in the Buffalo, Missouri jail during the nineties. He had been a guest there at the time and from what I gathered, listening to them talk, Pa had been there with him. Seems they had imbibed a little too freely and had ridden their horses around the town square, which in itself would probably have been tolerated except for the fact that they had chosen to make their wild ride under the canopies on the sidewalk.

DIRECTLY after we reached Viola we hooked on with the Perry Neisonger outfit. Neisonger was a jovial, friendly man in his early forties and was well liked and respected by his crew. He was also quite generous. The quantity and quality of the food in his cookhouse not once deteriorated during the unproductive times when the rain came down and his crew spent the days sleeping and playing poker.

The Neisonger outfit was pretty elaborate, powered by a huge 110-horsepower Case steam engine. There were twelve bundle wagons, a mobile cookhouse for the crew, and a tank wagon whose sole duty

was to haul water for the threshing engine which gulped water by the tankload and whose voracious appetite was boundless. Many times I have seen the tank wagon coming across the stubble field with a load of water while the engineer impatiently blew the water signal on his steam whistle. High square grain wagons, furnished by the farmer, moved in and out from the separator in an endless stream.

I wasn't old enough to get a job and was allowed to do pretty much as I pleased. It was all very exciting. I spent many hours from the vantage point of one of the high wheels of the threshing engine watching the big belt move between the engine and separator, or watching the bundle-wagon drivers battle the uninitiated teams up to the noisy, roaring machine. After awhile the horses would stand within inches of the high speed belts and even sleep while the pitchers unloaded the wagons.

I liked to watch the strawstack grow under the big blower pipe, but mostly I liked to ride with an old-timer named Stewart who hauled the drinking water for the crew in his Model T Ford. We didn't bother much with roads—just cut across the fields to the nearest windmill. I helped him fill and load the milk cans which he used as containers, and he taught me to drive the Ford. My steering was somewhat erratic at first, but it made little difference as I usually had 160 acres to maneuver in and I soon became quite proficient with the Ford. Mr. Stewart allowed me to drive it more and more as time went by.

On Saturday nights everybody went to Viola to get a haircut, an ice cream soda, or just to see the sights. There weren't too many sights to see, though, as Viola was little more than a wide place in the road. However there was one show that none of us ever missed. It was an old-timer, whose name has escaped me over the years—who bit the heads off of live snakes. He was an unwashed giant of a man with a heavy beard, very white teeth, and an evil look about him. He brought the snakes to town in a wooden box in the back of his wagon.

He would come to a halt in front of the barbershop where most of the harvest hands hung out, waiting their turn at the single chair. The light from the shop furnished sufficient illumination for his purpose; and when he got up in the back of the wagon and started his spiel, his booming voice could be heard all over town. He had little trouble collecting a crowd, as most of the men had been waiting for him to put in an appearance, anyway.

This man would make a great ceremony of taking one of the nonpoisonous bullsnakes from the box and waving it at the crowd while he told of how he was going to bite it's head off as soon as he had taken up a sufficient collection to make it worthwhile. When the nickels and dimes and occasional quarters had reached what he considered satisfying proportions, he would begin teasing the reptile and at the same time keep a running commentary on the state of the snake's temper. Suddenly he would grab the snake's neck just behind its head with his teeth, and with powerful hands begin to pull. I decided right then and there that a snake was a lot tougher than I had ever thought, and that it was no easy task to bite off a snake's head.

This is not the Nelsonger outfit, but they worked similar equipment.

Keeping a firm grip on the reptile the man would stomp around and growl deep in his throat like a dog worrying a bone. Perhaps he could have done the job sooner and was merely putting on a show for his audience, but in any event, after a time the strong jaws would complete their work and the head would separate from the coiling body. After tossing the body of the snake into the wagon bed and spitting the head disdainfully into the street, the man offered to repeat the performance for another collection. He also offered, for a fee of twenty dollars, to chew the head off a tomcat, but he got no buyers and I was greatly disappointed. I would have given him the money myself, but I'd never had that much in my whole life put together.

I regretted seeing the season come to an end. I was probably the only one who did. It had been a long unprofitable one with more time lost than working days. So we loaded up the wagons and returned to Wichita. There we camped in a small tree-bordered field on the outskirts of town. Pa began scouting for a job, but there was little to be had around Wichita requiring the type of equipment he owned, and so we decided to move on.

Then Pa ran into a deal that promised to be highly profitable, if somewhat risky. Ordinarily he might have turned down the deal, but our finances were so low Pa decided to try it.

One morning he left early for town to take a look around before pulling out the next morning. He was gone the whole of the day and we were beginning to wonder what happened to him when along about sundown he whirled into camp amid a cloud of dust in a big Haynes touring car.

He and the driver got out and came over to the fire where my brother and I were cooking supper.

"Boys, this is Charlie," he introduced the young man with him.

"Bolten," the young man supplied with a flashing smile. "Charlie Bolten. Pleased to make you boys' acquaintance." His voice held the nasal twang of the Oklahoma hills, a sound with which we had become familiar during harvest. He was a slim young man of medium height, with dark hair and eyes, and looked to be about eighteen years old, although we learned later that he was several years older.

Bolten politely declined our invitation to have supper, got himself a cup of coffee, and said casually to Jim and me, "I've got a little old still out in the hills and I've been trying to talk your pa into going out and running it for me."

I had never known Pa to do anything illegal but I knew that he—like most others of his generation—had slight regard for the Eighteenth Amendment and liked an occasional nip himself. Pa

was six feet four and weighed well over two hundred and had boomed all over the West at the turn of the century, working in sawmills, mines and construction camps. He was pretty tough and had little fear of the law or, for that matter, much of anything else.

Charlie Bolten was a convincing talker and showed no hesitation about disclosing his operation. He had an eighty-gallon still located in the Flint Hills a few miles east of Winfield. He said he was willing to pay Pa two dollars a gallon to simply stay out in the hills and operate it. He said he would bring in all the supplies, such as food for the camp, yeast, corn-chop and sugar that went into the making of the whiskey. When the booze had been run off it would go into five-gallon tins and these in turn would go into the big Haynes for the run to Wichita. Upon reaching Wichita, Charlie would wheel the car into a certain garage, get out, and without a word to anyone go down the street to a nearby restaurant and have a sandwich. When he returned to the garage the whiskey would be gone and the money would be waiting. It sounded like a smooth operation.

"Well, boys," Pa asked, "what do you think?"

I was all for it but Jim was a little harder to convince. He finally agreed, though, and we pulled out of Wichita at daybreak the next morning.

IF Charlie Bolten felt any uneasiness about his somewhat hazardous occupation it failed to show in either his face or his actions. He had a flashing smile and a happy-go-lucky air and possessed a keen intelligence. Bolten's ingratiating manner wasn't wholly put on and that, along with his boyish looks, usually managed to get him about anything he wanted.

On our second night out of Wichita he whirled the big Haynes into our camp amid the usual billowing dust and stopped a few feet from the little fire that was valiantly trying to push back the approaching dusk. Jauntily he stepped from the car, got a tin cup from the wagon tongue, and moved over to the simmering coffee pot. "You're makin' good time," he said. "It ain't far from here. You ought to make it to camp before noon."

Pa eyed the sagging rear springs of the Haynes which was heavily loaded with gunny sacks. Bolten, following his glance, said easily, "Sugar and corn-chop. Enough to set ten more barrels of mash. I've already got ten set. They'll be ready to run off in three or four days." He walked around the fire restlessly. "I got the sugar and chops in Wichita. Ain't no trouble at all to get them. It's the damn barrels that cause the most trouble. Almost impossible to find wooden barrels. Seems like everyone in Kansas must be makin' whiskey." Then with a short laugh, "Maybe Oklahoma too!"

Pa offered to fix Bolten some bacon and eggs but he declined saying he had eaten before leaving Wichita. He showed no inclination to leave, however, and seemed perfectly at home around a covered-wagon camp. He liked to talk and he laughed a lot, even when showing us the bullet scars on his body and telling us something of his brief, but turbulent, past.

Charlie Bolten was twenty-two years old and had been born and raised on a farm over in the Cookson Hills of eastern Oklahoma. The ink on the Eighteenth Amendment had hardly dried when he set up his first still, a teakettle affair on his father's farm. Since that time he had run several operations with varying degrees of success—the lawmen, of course, being his greatest enemies. In those days lawmen rarely, if ever, saw fit to inform a lawbreaker of his rights, and if one decided to fight back or run—which Charlie usually did—they simply used their Winchesters first and talked later. He seemed quite proud when he showed us the bullet scars on his right shoulder and his left side. "Them guys wasn't foolin'," he said with a short laugh. "I had to give up both times."

Pa was plainly worried about the owner of the ranch where the still was located. If it were a hideout, regardless of the size of the ranch it would be only a matter of time until the operation was discovered. Pa inquired about the set-up.

Charlie waved airily, "Nothin' to worry about there. The guy that owns the ranch ain't supposed to know anything about it, but he damn sure does and you can bet he gets his cut."

After an hour or so he scratched a crude map in the sand, showing us how to get to the canyon, then jumped into the Haynes and roared off into the night.

After Charlie left, Jim and I sought our bed in the wagon but Pa sat for a long time staring into the fire. I could tell he was uneasy about this whole thing, but the state of our finances allowed him little choice.

AT first glance I thought that the canyon was the most beautiful place I had ever seen. And now that I remember it, despite the many intervening years, it still seems that way to me. It was only about a half-mile long and perhaps a couple hundred yards wide, and headed into a rock cliff at the upper end from which a sizable spring gushed into a crystal clear pool. This in turn spilled over a low shelf to form a small creek which ran down the middle of the canyon. The pool and the creek, like most Kansas streams, were lined with big cottonwood and hickory trees. It was like a lush park.

While Pa cooked dinner that noon, Jim and I unhitched the horses and turned them lose. They wouldn't stray far with plenty of water and grass like this. Then I set out to explore the layout. The still, a huge round copper tank, sat on a homemade furnace near the pool. Wooden barrels were on a small bench a few yards away. The barrels had no covers and I was in for a shock when I peered at their contents. Each one contained one or more dead mice and an infinite variety of insects ranging from mosquitoes to an unidentifiable green bug over two inches long. (Later that same summer while prowling the hills of northern Oklahoma, while Jim and Pa were working in the oil fields, I came across several stills and the one thing they had in common was the indescribable amount of dead rodents and insects floating in the fomenting mash.)

We spent the next few days gathering wood to fire the furnace for the run-off and setting up a premanent camp. I inherited the job of skimming the animal life from the mash. By the time I finished I had developed an aversion to moonshine whiskey which I never quite overcame.

Charlie Bolten came into camp every night bringing more supplies and sometimes a barrel or two. It seemed that he spent most of his time scrounging for wooden barrels. When I asked Pa why Bolten didn't just use steel oil drums, Pa said they wouldn't be good for the whiskey. After the skimming job, I couldn't see how you could do much to hurt it.

The fire had to be stoked day and night when the run-off began. We unbolted the conical top of the still with its long copper tubing coil from the main tank, then dipped the mash from the barrels with a five-gallon bucket and poured it in the cooker. The cooling coil ran down through the pool, then over the little shelf to a flat spot where the liquid ran into the five-gallon tins. It was an ideal spot for moonshining.

When the cook-off was finished, we loaded the residue from the mash into one of the wagons and hauled it a couple of hundred yards down the canyon. Steers came from near and far to eat the mash,

(Continued on page 64)

NZ ORG
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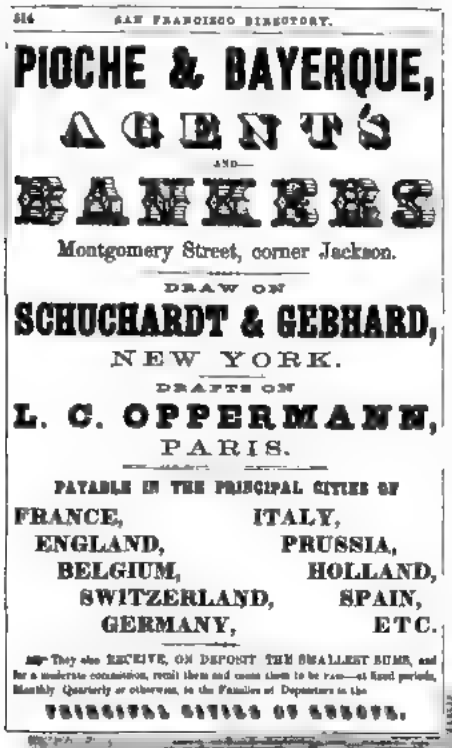
SAN FRANCISCO

Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank History Room

By CHARLES A. FRACCHIA
Photos Courtesy Author



814 SAN FRANCISCO DIRECTORY.

PIOCHE & BAYERQUE,

AGENTS

AND

BANKERS

Montgomery Street, corner Jackson.

DRAW ON

SCHUCHARDT & GEBHARD,

NEW YORK.

DRAFTS ON

L. C. OPPERMANN,

PARIS.

PAYABLE IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF

FRANCE, ITALY,
ENGLAND, PRUSSIA,
BELGIUM, HOLLAND,
SWITZERLAND, SPAIN,
GERMANY, ETC.

☞ They also RECEIVE, ON DEPOSIT THE SMALLEST SUMS, and for a moderate commission, remit them and cause them to be paid—at fixed periods, Monthly, Quarterly or otherwise, to the Families of Depositors in the

PRINCIPAL CITIES OF EUROPE.

FRANCOIS PIOCHE, San Francisco banker and financier, was lying in bed in his luxurious three-story home at 806 Stockton Street reading the newspaper. At 7:05 a.m. Pioche's valet, Louis Reiff, entered the bedroom and asked his master, according to custom, "Do you care for some water, sir?"

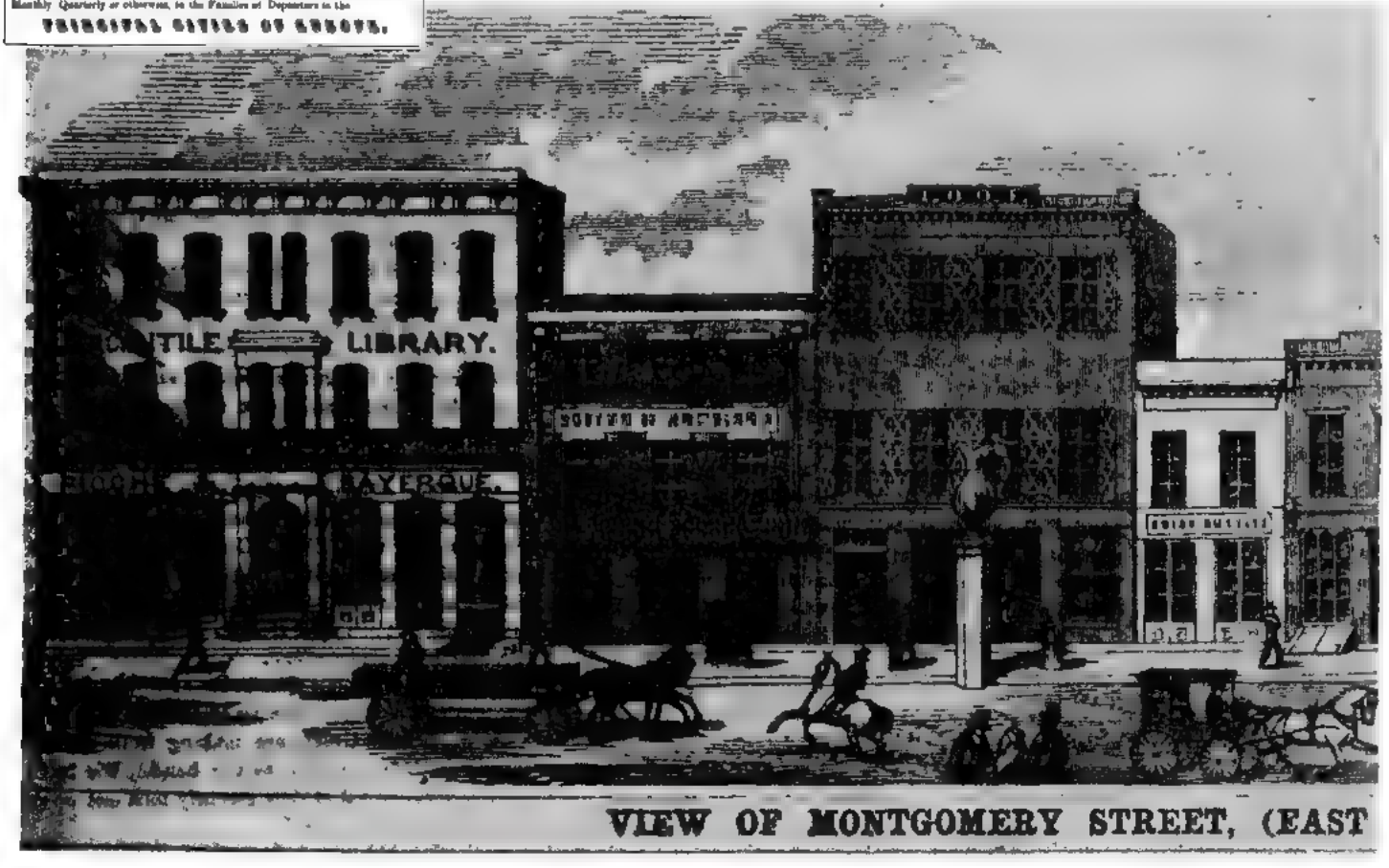
"I do not wish to talk to you," replied the usually affable and benevolent Pioche.

Ten minutes later he got out of bed, went to a mahogany case on a table in the center of the room, took from it one of a pair of heavy Navy pistols, returned to his bed, placed the cold ring of the muzzle against his forehead and fired.

Why should a man who was one of the West's most successful financiers, a bachelor who had an exuberant zest for life, a French-born *bon vivant* eminently respected in the cosmopolitan San Francisco community since his arrival in 1849 suddenly end his life in his fifty-fourth year? There were many theories advanced at the inquest following his suicide on May 2, 1872: his depression over France's humiliation at its quick loss of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870; severe headaches as a result of an injury received from a fall from a horse; his guilt over his role in the Vigilante hangings of the 1850s; or business problems known only to himself and a few associates. Whatever the reason or reasons, they lie buried with this amazing personality.

If Pioche could wander the streets of San Francisco today, one hundred years after his death, he would find much that would amaze him and a great deal that would sadden him. Probably he would find it curious that no historian has

Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco



VIEW OF MONTGOMERY STREET, (EAST

'S BON VIVANT

Pioche put a coat and tie on what had been a miners' town. He also put white linens on its tables, a wine cup in its hands, and a bullet through his own head!

Below, Francois Louis Alfred Pioche in 1868.
Courtesy California Historical Society San Francisco

IN 1818 Francois Louis Alfred Pioche was born in France of a middle-class family. He studied law and received an appointment in the Ministry of France. When he was twenty-three a wealthy uncle died, leaving Francois a large legacy. It was soon gone in stock speculations and extravagant living.

Deciding to start over in the New World, Pioche left for Santiago, Chile, where he was employed in the French consular office. He subsequently left the consulate for employment in a French-owned mercantile firm, and there he met J. B. Bayerque who later was to be his banking partner.

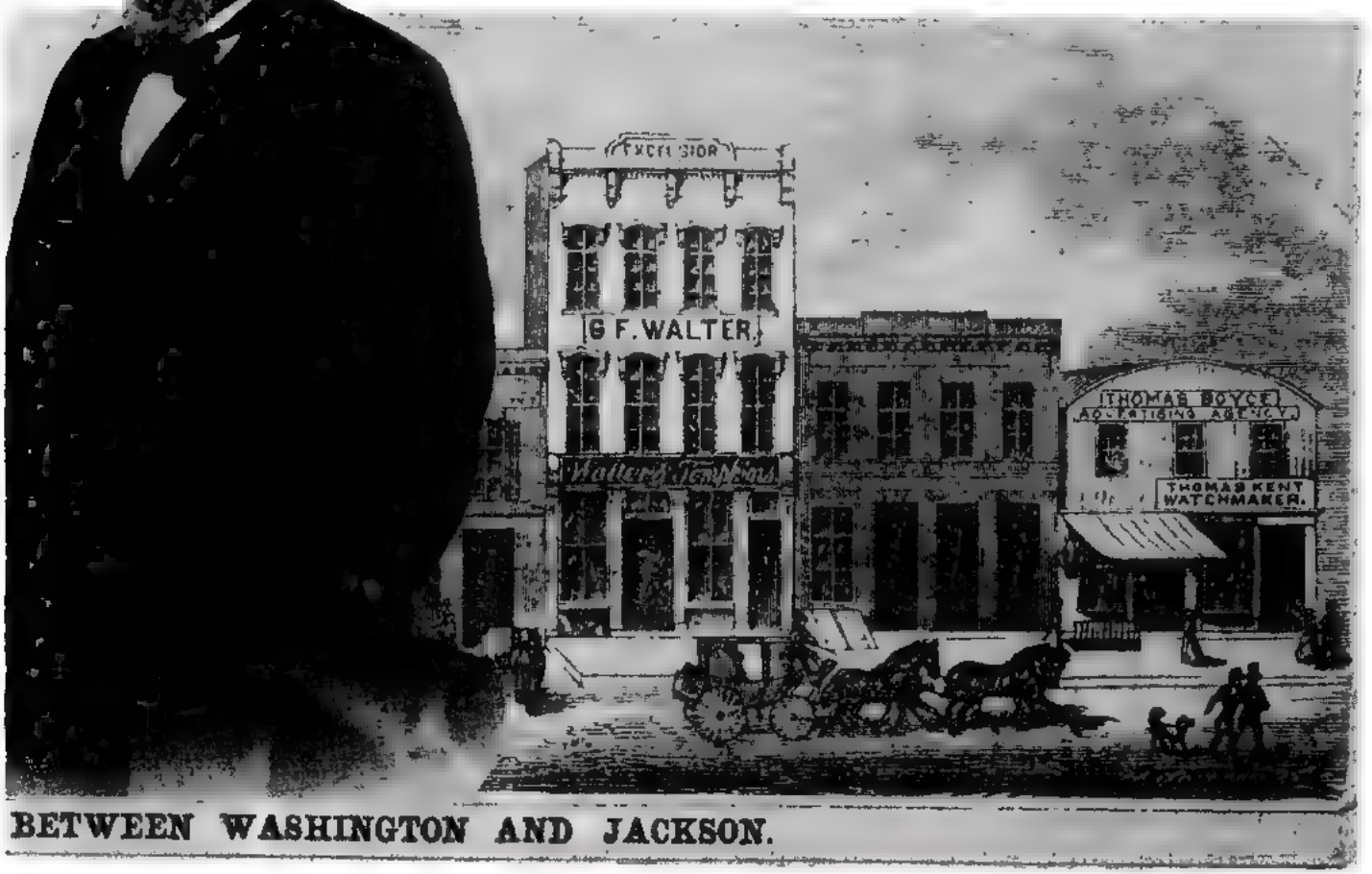
At the time of the discovery of gold in California, Pioche and Bayerque left Chile for San Francisco with a cargo of merchandise, arriving in February 1849. They opened a general merchandise store on Clay Street, specializing in French-imported goods, prospered, and slowly turned to banking in the tradition of

(Continued on page 42)

ever seen fit to write a biographical account of his life; that a short, unpaved street near Bernal Heights is his only monument except for a plaque on the site of his first banking house on Clay Street, between Montgomery and Kearney.

If Pioche should stroll to the corner of Montgomery and Jackson Streets, where in the early 1850s he built a sumptuous banking house that survived the 1906 fire and earthquake, he would see a garish, new brick building which several years ago replaced his own—a new San Francisco landmark called the Playboy Club. Maybe he would have appreciated this.

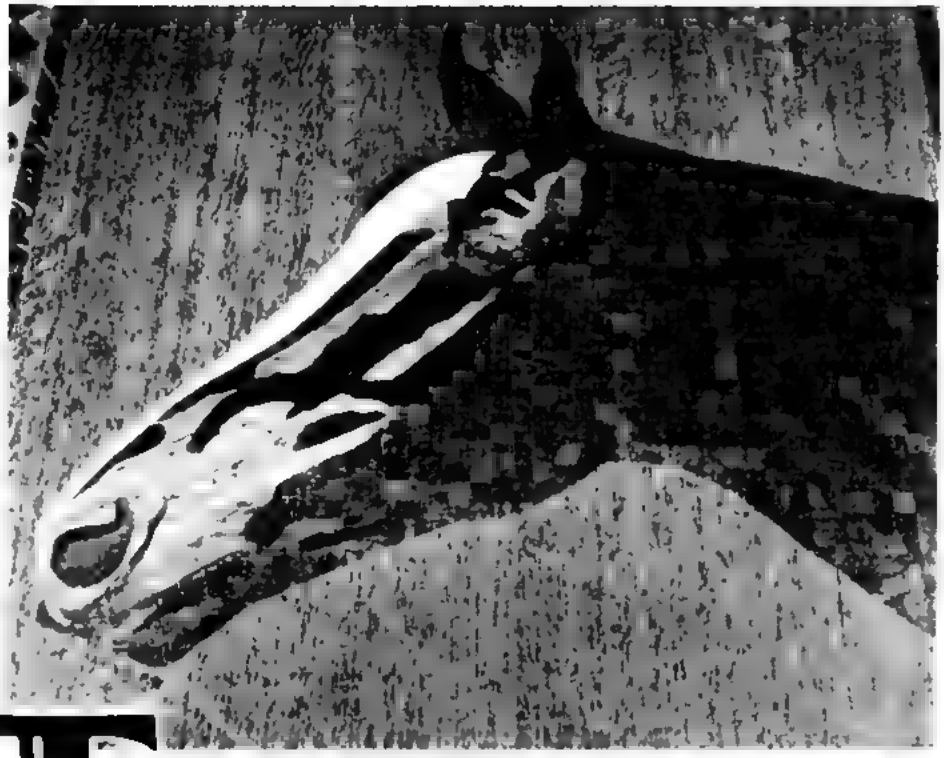
Another large piece of property, on which he once had his home, at Mission Street between Sixth and Seventh and known for many years as the Sullivan Block, is now tied up in the litigation affecting the Yerba Buena Redevelopment Project. This, Pioche would not have understood.



BETWEEN WASHINGTON AND JACKSON.

By JEAN M. MOORE

Photos Courtesy Author



TAMMANY

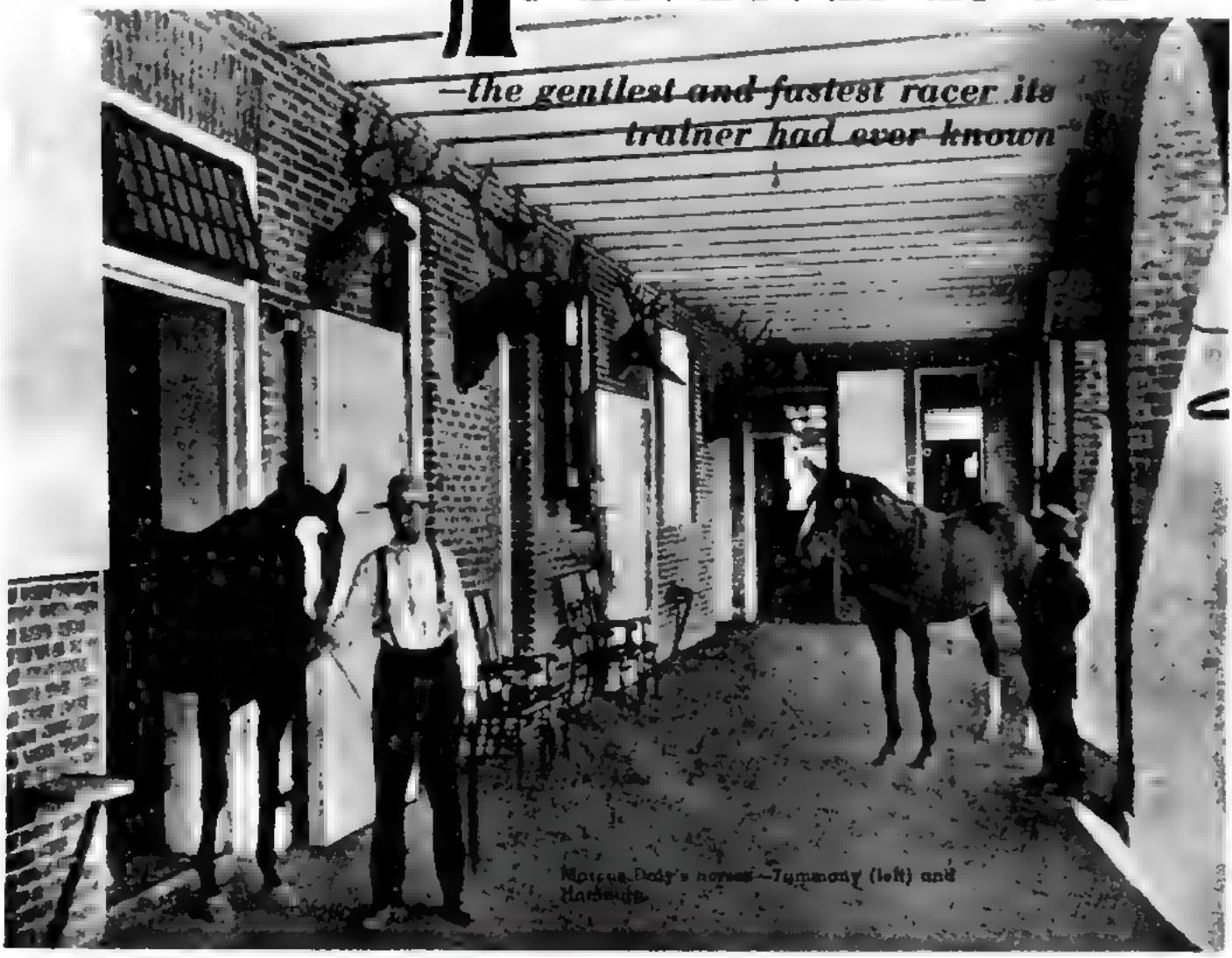
—the gentlest and fastest racer its trainer had ever known

TOURISTS who visit the famous old Montana Hotel in Anaconda, Montana, are often surprised to see a beautiful, life-size portrait of a horse's head inlaid in the mahogany and redwood floor of the hotel barroom. They are sometimes even more surprised when an old-timer, noting their interest in the work of art, says softly, "This is Tammany. I can remember when no one ever walked on this part of the floor."

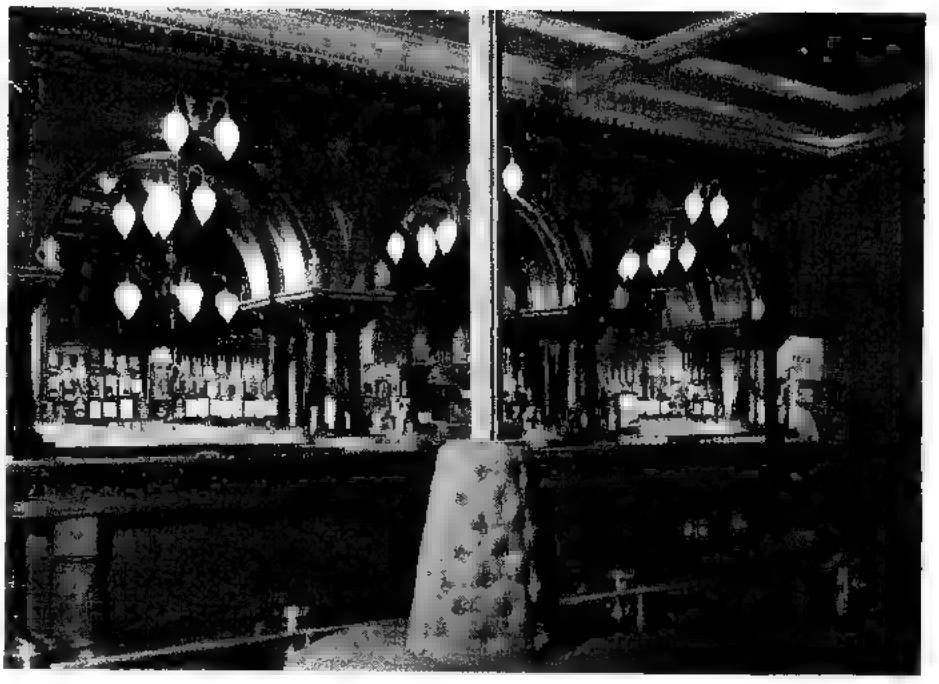
Although the mosaic head was created in 1889 by a talented artist of yesteryear, the story surrounding its conception has become a legend made up of the love of Montana's great copper king, Marcus Daly, for a beautiful racing horse.

The story actually began in the late 1880s when Daly first announced his intention of establishing a breeding and training farm for race horses in Montana's picturesque Bitter Root Valley. His announcement was received with

From the files of the Montana Historical Society



Marcus Daly's horses—Tammany (left) and Hardscuffle



At left, a portrait of Tammany executed in more than 1,000 pieces of various woods. It occupies a 9-foot square in the floor of the Montana Hotel's barroom. At right is the interior of the bar. The inlaid-wood portrait is at the entrance.

much skepticism from Pacific Coast and Eastern stable owners who considered the rigorous Montana climate definitely unsuited for race horses.

"Daly better stick to mining and leave race horses to us," a part-owner of a popular stable was quoted as saying. Mr. Daly, however, was quite accustomed to doing the impossible and, despite lack of enthusiasm from his friends, set out to prove his theory that the best stock in England and America could be transplanted to the high altitude of the Bitter Root and that a horse developed in this altitude would have greater lung capacity and greater endurance than a horse developed in a low altitude.

As he patiently explained to dubious questioners, "The Bitter Root Valley is the finest spot in the world for everything else, therefore, it should be equally good for horses!"

Daly purchased 22,000 acres of land and established a stock farm which was a model of perfection. No expense was spared and in addition to large, well-built barns, stables and a mansion, two exercise tracks were built. One, a half-mile covered track on which the horses were exercised during the winter months was boarded on the outside.

Daly refused to fence his pastures with barbed wire, which he considered cruel. Rather than risk injury to an animal he fenced and cross-fenced the meadows into paddocks, using planed lumber from his own sawmill at Hamilton. Then he seeded the lanes approaching the paddocks with Canadian poplar and cottonwood to afford shade. He introduced horse racing to Montana by building two fine race tracks, one at Anaconda and the other at Butte. The grandstand at Butte held 20,000 people. Daly imported sires and dams from England and Kentucky. He also imported hunters from Ireland, and coach horses which were sold to the government for the Fort Keogh Remount Station.

But it was the horse Tammany that first attracted Eastern interest in the Montana breeding farm. The story of this beloved racer's struggles, his triumphs and the important part he played in the history of horse racing is still a favorite among horse lovers.

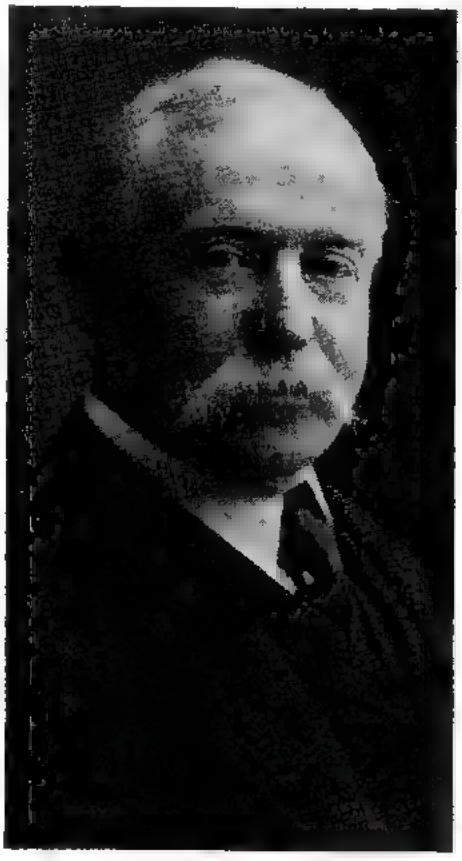
WITH Tammany, Daly won a small fortune at his first showing. The horse won the great Eclipse stake as a starter with odds of 60 to 1. In his third year Tammany won all his stake engagements.

"Everyone knew then he was destined to become a great horse," said Jim Lucas, for fifty years a famous horse trainer and superintendent of Daly's Bitter Root farm.

Although Tammany's phenomenal runs in the big stake races marked him as a wonderful horse, it remained for the historical race between Tammany and his great rival, Lamplighter, to permanently establish the fame of this gallant son of Iroquois and Tullahoma as one of the greatest race animals in the world.

Never was there a happier man than Marcus Daly when Tammany beat the famous Lamplighter in the memorable match race for $40,000 a side. Lamplighter had just been purchased by Fred ("Dutch") Walbaum, owner of the Guttenberg Track, who paid Pierre Lorrilard $20,000 for him. Snapper Garrison was up on Tammany and Taral on Lamplighter. The event took place on September 28, 1893. Tammany won the race as a four-year-old.

Montana "Copper King," Marcus Daly, owner of Tammany.



Over 50,000 spectators witnessed the race, coming from all parts of the country to see the outstanding long-distance horse of the time competing with the celebrated Lamplighter. Tammany won easily, carrying 122 pounds and running the mile and a quarter in 2.06½. Business houses were closed for the occasion and time stood still for many race enthusiasts until the race had been run.

During his career on the turf Tammany started fourteen times, winning nine firsts, one second, and one third. He won over $117,000 in purses during his third year.

While being shipped back after his great victory over Lamplighter, Tammany contracted pneumonia and everyone feared it was to be the end of a great horse. During his illness he was fed port, ale and champagne, with M. E. ("Doc") Knowles, Daly's veterinarian for many years, in constant attendance. Doc Knowles accompanied the Daly horses on all of their trips and was paid $6,000 plus expenses, including quarters and food. On the day that Tammany's recovery was assured, a big celebration was held at the Daly stock farm.

Tammany piled up approximately $145,000 in winnings, not bad in the days when a thousand dollars represented real spending money. His stable was appropriately called "Tammany's Castle" and many a person might have envied his steam-heated mahogany abode.

IT was not the horse's racing ability alone, however, that endeared him to the heart of his owner and made him a favorite of all who saw him. "Tammany was the most affectionate and the gentlest stallion I ever handled," his trainer said.

(Continued on page 58)

Wild Old Days!

Photos Courtesy Author, Provided by Oklahoma Historical Library

Indians at the livestock convention in Oklahoma City, February 1904.

EARLY-DAY LIVESTOCK MEETINGS

By E. A. Duncan

THE pioneer Southwest enjoyed few events more colorful than the Livestock Association conventions. These meetings began in 1894 at Woodward, Oklahoma Territory and reached their peak at San Antonio in 1900, and at Oklahoma City in 1903 and 1904. They represented the swan song of an expiring industry—range grazing—and the requiem of a fading phase of frontier life.

The ninth annual meeting of this association was conceded to be the most interesting and entertaining in the history of the organization. It was held in Oklahoma City in 1903 on February 10, 11, and 12.

Business sessions were made purposefully short. Most of the time was spent in funmaking pastimes that gave the convention a Mardi Gras air. Rodeos were always one of the main attractions. Men representing packing companies, stockyards, commission houses, railroad agents and many others interested in various businesses connected with the livestock industry attended. They came both for business and pleasure and succeeded in both. They arrived in special railroad cars, wearing badges and waving banners, led by brass bands and handing out souvenir novelties. They mingled with the rich cattlemen of the West and Southwest, the pioneers of Oklahoma and Indian Territories, cowboys, blanket-clad Indians from reservations, and military men from the army posts.

The 1903 convention was under the direction of President A. T. Wilson of Kiowa, Kansas, and W. E. "Billie" Bolton of Woodward, Oklahoma Territory, who had been elected secretary of the organization at its first meeting nine years before. He never had an opponent for the office during the remainder of his life. Herculean in size and strength he was competent, witty, and congenial. He had come from Greenburg, Kansas to Woodward where he purchased a ranch and published the *Livestock Inspector*. In 1903 he was also Chairman of the Livestock Sanitary Board of Oklahoma Territory.

C. M. Armstrong, the Oklahoma City weather expert (who ranked sixth highest in forecasts in the United States) was persuaded, or pressured, into forecasting favorable weather for the occasion. A heavy rain fell all the first day!

Despite the foul weather festivities began in the lobby of the Lee Hotel that night. Zack Mulhall, owner of the Mulhall Ranch and Livestock Agent of the Frisco Railroad, had hired the Cy Seymour band of St. Louis, dressed them in chaps, five-gallon hats, gaudy-colored shirts and bandana handkerchiefs. He

The livestock convention drew people from far and near.

Above, the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce Band met the trains arriving for the convention. Below, a portion of the street parade.

Below, the young lady carrying the standard is identified as Lucille Mulhall.

also gave them the new name of the Frisco Cowboy Band.

At 8 o'clock that evening the twenty band members formed a circle in the hotel lobby. In their midst stood Mulhall's two pretty daughters, dressed in cowgirl costumes. Accompanied by the band they sang several popular ballads, among them "Bill Bailey." Lucille Mulhall had attained national fame as "Bonsie" in Hoyt's popular comedy, "A Texas Steer." She was also a star rodeo performer.

The next afternoon a parade was formed downtown to march through the prominent streets and on to Colcord Park, southwest of the city. The procession was led by Mayor C. G. Jones and Chief of Police Ralph Cochran. Following them rode Seymour Heyman, President of the Chamber of Commerce; Zack Mulhall and his daughters. Behind them marched the Frisco Cowboy Band.

An overflow crowd had gathered at the park to cheer the parade. There were many officers and soldiers from Fort Sill, Fort Reno, and hundreds of Indians in colorful costumes. Old Geronimo, chief of the Apaches, a war prisoner at Fort Sill, was on hand as an interested observer.

THAT afternoon a roping contest was held in the park. The names of the participants and the results follow:

	Time
Orval Keane; Sayre, O. T.	1:58
Mount Rush; Woodward, O. T.	2:00
Frank Charley; Cherokee Nation	1:42
H. Ward; Higgins, Texas	2:10
Hugo Wilde; Osage, I. T.	1:00
J. E. Warren; Silverdale, Kan.	1:45
E. A. Taylor; Crowell, Texas	1:40
J. H. Minnick; Seymour, Texas	:58
Z. T. Miller; 101 Ranch, Bliss, O. T.	:47
Claude Sours; 101 Ranch	2:00
Bill Custer; 101 Ranch	1:08
Geo. L. Miller; 101 Ranch	1:07
G. F. Matkin; Cedarvale, Kan.	1:09
C. H. Ellison; Calumet, O. T.	:43
Ward Sies; Sugden Ranch, Sugden, I.T.	1:00
Jim Kies; Claremore, I. T.	:58
Clem Musgrove; Claremore, I. T.	:59
Jim Sharp; Claremore, I. T.	:40
Jim Hopkins; Mulhall Ranch, Mulhall, O. T.	:34
Chas H. Tompkins; San Antonio, Tex.	:59
Lucille Mulhall; Mulhall Ranch, Mulhall, O. T.	1:00
Joe Carr; Red Rock, I. T.	1:00
Lige Roberts; Woodward, O. T.	:59

The winners: Hopkins, $100; Jim Sharp, $75; G. H. Ellison, $50.

The next day there was another parade followed by a number of events at Colcord Park. Among them were the military maneuvers, bronc busting and roping contests.

Results of the roping contest follow:

	Time
Ellison Carroll; Mangum, O. T.	:40
Chas. Tompkins; St. Louis, Mo.	1:05
R. S. Fleming; Mangum, O. T.	:49
Jim Warren; Silverdale, Kan.	1:00
Jim Sharp; Cherokee Nation	1:21

(Continued next page)

William Custer; 101 Ranch, Bliss, O. T.	1:22
Sam Wooten; Osage, O. T.	2:05
G. L. Miller; 101 Ranch	2:06
Z. T. Miller; 101 Ranch	2:08

Though both Carroll and Fleming made a catch in 40 seconds, the first prize of $100 went to Carroll because he was first to make the record. Fleming was given second money, $75; Jim Warren got $25; and third prize, a $25 pair of Shipley boots, went to Chas. Tompkins.

Ben F. Davis, general livestock agent of the Rock Island & Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf Railroads, distributed gold metallic badges bearing the convention name and dates. The E. Jones Saddlery Company presented a magnificent saddle valued at $100, as first prize in the riding contests.

The renowned Persimmon Band of Woodward arrived in a special train the second day of the convention with a large crowd of Woodward citizens. George Elsie, trick rider from the 101 Ranch, put on a daring exhibition at the Colcord Park. Lucy Welton, from Woodward County, had previously been acclaimed "The Belle of the Oklahoma Range" and was the idol of the cowboys.

Members of the Oklahoma Legislature and their wives arrived from Guthrie and were royally entertained at a banquet and grand ball. A dinner, honoring Zack Mulhall, was also given by Cy Seymour's band.

Along with other well-known cattlemen of the West, Dennis Shannaham (one of the wealthiest of the lot) came from New Mexico to attend the big affair and to give parties and dinners for friends each night.

As usual, the 1903 Convention was acclaimed the "best yet." Everyone went home looking forward eagerly to returning in 1904 for a lot more fun—and a little business.

A COW FUNERAL?

By Willard R. Brizendine

MANY years ago, when I was a small boy living on a Colorado ranch, I witnessed one of the most unusual events of my life. About two o'clock in the afternoon of a very hot day, the sky began to cloud up quite fast and soon it began to get dark as though night were coming on. My mother said the sky looked like hail, and it was not long until we knew she was right. We could hear it coming in from the south.

The hail struck suddenly, accompanied by much lightning and loud claps of thunder. By this time we could see nothing from the windows of the log cabin in which we lived. There was just one steady roar and the lightning and thunder. It was scaring the pants off my brother and me, and I don't think my mother was exactly unafraid either.

All at once there was an unusually loud clap of thunder along with a big flash of lightning that really made us all jump. My mother said the lightning had probably struck something close by. After about twenty minutes the storm began to leave as fast as it had come in. My brother, looking out the window, yelled that a Holstein was lying on the ground in the pasture. Mother and I looked too, and sure enough the animal was lying there right by the fence. Apparently the cow had been touching the fence and had been electrocuted.

By now the sun had begun to come out and a very strange thing took place. The cows started to bellow and low in a way that would send shudders up your back. As this bellowing and lowing increased, the cows began pawing the ground. We watched in amazement as the Holsteins launched a concerted attack upon the whitefaces that were in the same pasture with them. Cows that had fed side by side an hour before were now, it seemed, strangers. The Holsteins fought the whitefaces with increased fury and this was kept up until every whiteface was driven from the immediate area surrounding the dead Holstein.

Occasionally one of the whitefaces would try to approach the electrocuted animal but would be immediately driven away. To this day I can still hear the mournful sounds that issued from those grief-stricken cattle. Some people believe that a cow is one of the dumbest animals in the world; maybe so but I say they are capable of emotion and showed it that day.

The next day the cattle fed together in harmony again. I can only suggest that this must have been some kind of a "cow funeral" and that it was restricted at first to the immediate family; later the "public," as it were, could come to gaze but not at that particular time.

I would be interested to hear if anyone else has ever witnessed such a spectacle.

COFFEE SUBSTITUTES

FROM the pages of the *Nebraska Farmer*, published in March 1862, come some suggestions for various substitutes for coffee. The country was then engaged in the Civil War and luxury items such as coffee commanded high prices. In the Southern states, of course, coffee became virtually impossible to obtain. The hints published in the *Nebraska Farmer*, however, were for the benefit of the farmers in the Midwest who faced higher prices also.

"During these war times, when real coffee is worth 25 to 33 cts. per pound, it is necessary for farmers and farmers' wives to cast about for a cheaper substitute for the real article; and from my own experience, I can recommend the following:

Carrots—These are prepared and used as follows: Wash and slice across in pieces a half inch thick and dry in the sun or stove oven, so as to not cook them. When dry, brown and use the same as coffee. Prepared in this manner, equal parts of carrots and coffee is an excellent substitute for the genuine Rio.

"Okra or Gumbo—This makes the best coffee of any article that I have ever used as substitute for coffee. The seeds should be browned the same as coffee and makes a very palatable drink alone, but is better if a little coffee is used with it. The plant is very productive and is easily grown. An ounce of the seed will produce enough for almost any family. The seed can be procured of any seedsman for 25 to 30 cts. per ounce.—H. A. Terry"

Perhaps those who are concerned about today's high prices might wish to give the above recipes a trial.—*Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.*

Sioux and Ree

(Continued from page 23)

weather god with threats of winter at hand, seems to relent and grant a few weeks of beautiful days—soft sunlight with a light haze in the distance, and the miles of gently waving grass like a large body of placid water. Such days are followed by perfect nights of moonlight and beauty.

In this weather the little band traveled on, reached the Ree village, and after resting started on the return trip. Each horse had a sack of corn on each side and was pulling a travois loaded with corn. The men walking ahead led their heavily laden horses. The whole party traveled in almost single file.

At the rear, the last in the line, was the mother of Odd Face on a horse carrying camp luggage; following close behind her was her mother, Gray Horn Woman, leading a large dog with a sack of corn on each side of his back.

They were moving along peacefully when suddenly the horse threw his head up with ears sharply pointing—pointing forward, then laying back as if not altogether pleased. The dog sniffed the air and quickened his pace. The daughter called to her mother saying, "This horse is acting strange as if he were hearing or smelling something he did not like," and the mother replied, "The dog is showing nervousness, too."

After a few moments' hesitation Gray Horn Woman became convinced that all was not well and said, "Daughter, switch your horse and overtake your father and tell him that we are being followed by the Rees and to hurry back!" The daughter promptly obeyed and was not long in reaching her father.

JUST AFTER the daughter rushed away a Ree Indian came up out of a draw off to the side and rushed to the old woman and her dog, now left alone. Knowing that to attempt to run was useless she decided to stand and sell her life as dearly as possible. The Ree struck at her but she managed to dodge the blow, and the Ree then attempted to take hold of her thinking that she was unarmed and could be easily overcome. She had been walking with her right arm free and the other holding her blanket about her.

The Ree approached on her left side and when he took hold of her she threw her left arm up. The blanket hanging from her arm prevented him from seeing what she was doing with her right hand. With it she reached to her belt for a sharp knife that she carried there and, striking through her blanket, she stabbed him in the abdomen and with an upward

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movement ripped his bowel open and he fell.

Another man was coming toward her with a gun and he tried to shoot her but the gun missed fire. With an expression of beast-like rage he lunged forward, intending to club her with his otherwise useless gun, but she was able to duck his blow. As she came up she stabbed him also, and in a few moments he expired at her feet. Then she felt a blow and as she was going down sensed that her hair was being grasped. She knew that she could be scalped.

Gray Horn Woman lost consciousness but recovered shortly and opened her eyes, but could not see. She put her hand to her head and took it away dripping with blood. She had been scalped and the skin ripped forward so that the skin of her forehead was down over her eyes. With her teeth she tore a strip from around the wide sleeve of her dress which was made of hickory cloth or bed ticking and tied it around her head to hold up the loose piece of skin that had fallen over her eyes.

When the daughter overtook the men of the party she rushed up to her father crying, "Father! Father! The Rees are following us and Mother is walking alone and says for you to hurry back." He and the other men lost no time.

Gray Horn Woman had fainted again but came to almost immediately to find her husband leaning over her asking who did it. "The Rees," she said, "they went right back down that draw." The men rushed, overtook them and killed three, but the rest escaped. The men then returned and, placing the woman on a travois, started again on the homeward journey.

Odd Face said that there were two Sioux villages close together and during all this trouble his father had left their tent saying he was going over to the other village for a walk. Shortly he came hurrying back and said that a story had reached camp to the effect that the party that had gone to the Rees for corn had been treacherously attacked. "Your grandmother has been killed," he said, and they are bringing her body back. A party is going out to meet them and help them and I am going with them."

But while he was hurrying to get ready to go there were signs of commotion in the other village and then a man came riding over to Odd Face's village heralding the good news. "Our people have returned and they have brought Fire Cloud's mother home alive!" So they all hurried over to see her. They had pulled the skin as close together as they could and bandaged her head.

The wound eventually healed but there was a strip along the top of her head about 1½ inches wide where the hair never grew again and which seemed to be just bare bone. This old Indian woman was living near Fort Thompson along about 1892 or '93.

Later the Ree sent a messenger to the Sioux with a proposition. He brought a package of tobacco and offered it and said if the Sioux accepted the little package of tobacco it meant that they agreed to the proposal. A herald went out to announce the arrival of a messenger and call all the principal men to a council. While they were waiting, Swells the Earth, a Sioux sitting not far from the Ree, got up and went out returning shortly with a strung bow and arrow. He walked over to the messenger and standing above him shot and killed him instantly.

The Sioux were so indignant over the killing of a messenger that had come among them peacefully and legitimately that they made life for Swells the Earth such that he left and never came back. He lived the rest of his life on the Crow Creek Reservation.

The Sioux in council decided to send word to the Rees that their messenger had met with an accident and was dead, but they accepted the proposal and were sending gifts. And so a bloody war was avoided.

The Houston Treasure & Relic Hunters Club, Houston, Texas announces its first annual Treasure Show to be held in the Northwest Mall, Houston, Texas, October 19-20, 1973. Dealers and private exhibitors welcome. For more information contact: Henry Boulware, 726 Redan, Houston, Texas 77009. Phone 713 869-5320

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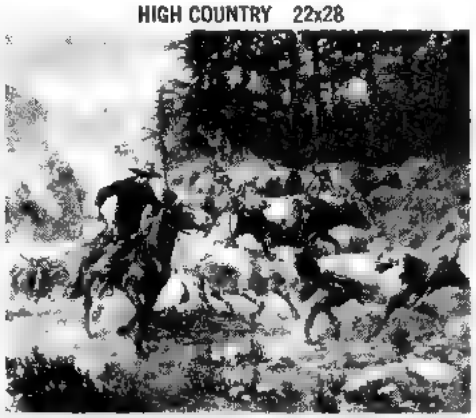

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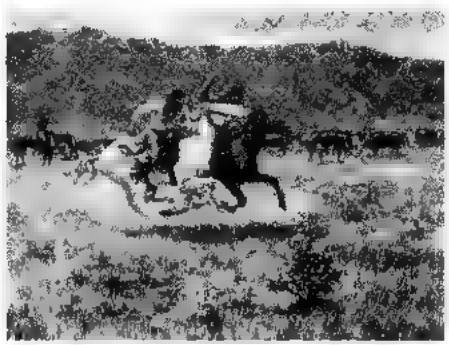

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Sky's The Limit?

(Continued from page 4)

DID you read "No Wonder They Are Dying!" in the April issue of TRUE WEST? If not, *be sure* to let me know and I'll send you a copy of it. This has to do with the magazine business as a whole and tries to show you what will happen if we are forced to keep raising prices. This business is somewhat different, in that you can't raise the cover price or your advertising rate every other month. In fact, we depend so little on advertising that the rate hasn't been raised since 1967. We haven't gone out hard for advertising because we want to cram every word we can into every issue and give you your money's worth. Some of the older people say they have a little trouble reading our small type—and it would be easy (and less expensive) for us to use larger type—but you would be surprised at the number of pages in reading material it would eliminate! However, we will sure listen to your vote on this also.

IMPORTANT! We are making an experiment in raising our prices. In short, we are going to hold subscription price the same and raise our newsstand price to 60¢ a copy. As you possibly know, newsstand sales have been poor for years and all magazines not sold are destroyed. I wish I could figure out some way for these copies to go to veterans hospitals, retirement homes, etc. Since we don't have any copies destroyed (other than by the post office!) through subscriptions but thousands through the newsstand distribution, that's why I hope we can afford to keep subscribers' copies at the old price.

Before signing off, let me say that we have had some *beautiful* letters from readers of the old Hunter's *Frontier Times*. Notice the ad on page 68. Pretty soon we will play out of those back copies and it seems everybody wants to start with Volume 1, Number 1. I can say this because the magazine was edited and published by someone else—J. Marvin Hunter—IT IS FANTASTIC! Truly, it is the only one of its kind on earth. If inflation hasn't drained your pockets, get started with that first issue. We receive terrific mail about it. Here's part of just one letter: "It is a treasure to us. We do not have *one issue* for sale or to give away. All will go to our grandchildren as collectors items and for their historical education.—Mr. & Mrs. L. R. Cort, Sr., R. R. 1, Nelson, Missouri 65347."

See you later, hear?—Hosstail

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"It's located <u>there</u> because regulations say it must be 500 yards from any living quarters."

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 5)

died somewhere in Arkansas or Missouri and one of Cynthia Gatton Moore's brothers, I do not know his name, sent for the children and took them back to Tennessee and farmed them out among the kinfolk to be raised.

Somewhere around 1855-1858 two of Cynthia's other brothers, William and Hiram, and their families went through Arkansas and settled in Lawrence County, Missouri where they are buried in the Spanish Fort Cemetery. Cynthia also had two sisters, Vira and Betsie. Vira married a Chapman and Betsie married a McKee. The Gatton family also must have been in or near DeKalb County, Tennessee, but who were the parents?

Joseph H. Moore married Sarah Sims in Tennessee but soon went to Lawrence County, Missouri and Sarah probably died in childbirth having her sixth child, December 2, 1878. He then married a widow, Sarah Ellen Ogle Carter, and they had six children, of whom my father Thornton, born in 1891 and still living, is the youngest. Joseph and Sara both died in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Sarah had three children by Carter.

Would like to hear from anyone, even any kinfolk of any of these.—H. Huston Moore, 140 Beverley Avenue, Red Bluff, California 96080

McLaughlin

Have been trying for some time to learn more about my colorful relatives without a great deal of success, I am afraid. I received a great deal of encouragement and assistance from my mother's cousin, A. G. "Red" McLaughlin of Gillette, Wyoming, who happens to be one of your readers. Red's father and my grandfather were brothers, being born to Henry and Mary Teague McLaughlin.

The children were: Willis Marley, born 1875; William Henry Redden ("Ed"), born 1877; John, born 1878; Jimmy and Jody, who died as infants; Addis Alva ("Mack"), born 1882; and Sarah ("Sallie"), born 1885.

Any assistance will be greatly appreciated by the entire family.—Pat Sackett, Box 269, Monroe, Utah 84754

Williams

I would like any information about my great-great-grandfather, Lott Williams, who was born in 1810 in North Carolina, moved to Marion County, Georgia in 1827, to Carthage, Mississippi in 1853, and to Meridian, Texas in 1880. He died in Meridian in 1887 and is buried in the Spring Creek graveyard eight miles west of town. There is no marker on the grave.

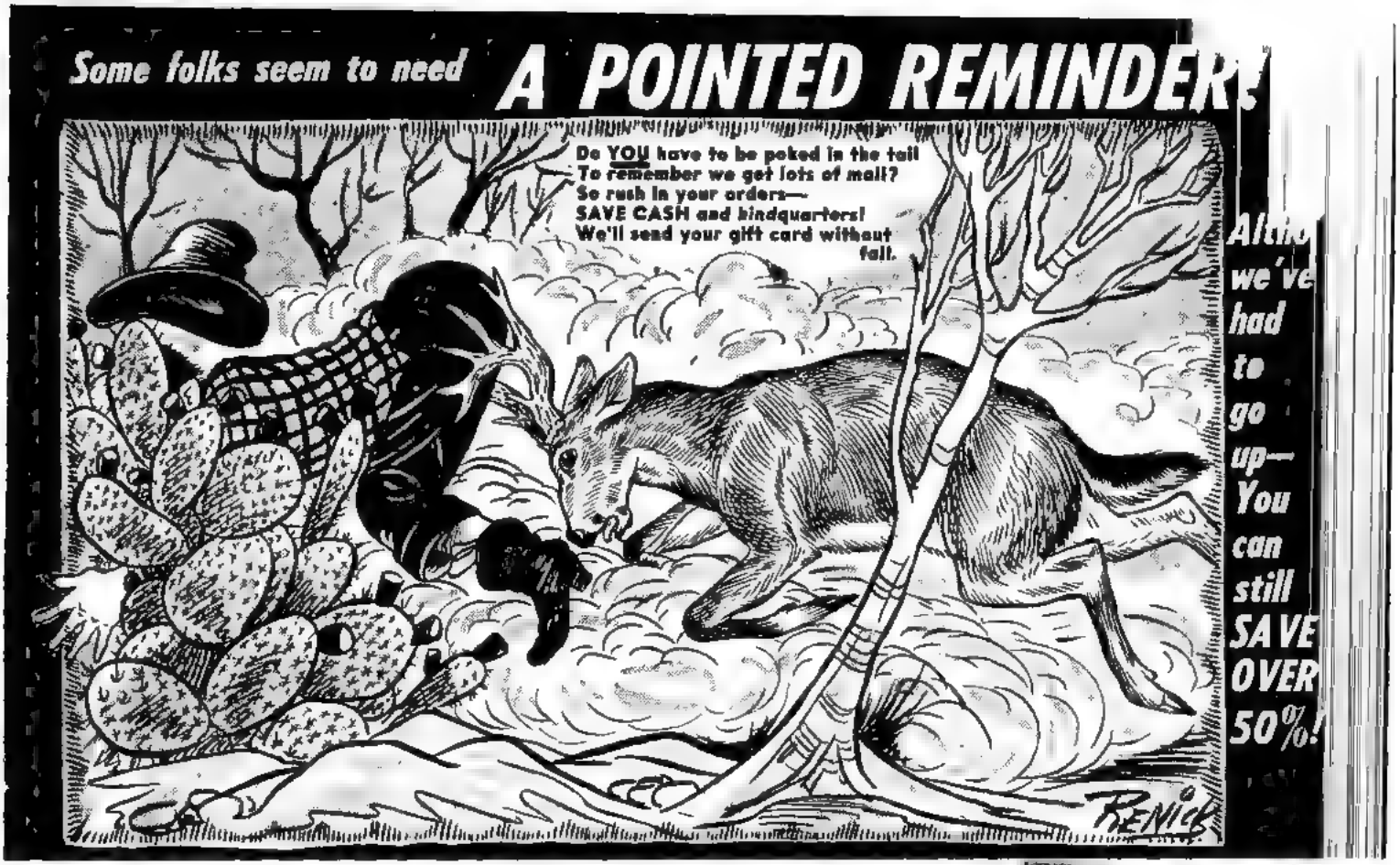
In 1880 he had a baby daughter two years old named Georgia. Some believed he had two sons after this. His wife was Frances McKay, a widow with three sons: John, Albert, and Branton McKay.

Would like to know what happened to these people after Grandpa died and his wife Frances sold his farm to J. J. Lumpkin on January 13, 1888.—Benjamin F. Williams, 575 N. White Station, Memphis, Tennessee 38117

MacKellar

There has been a small book published about the John MacKellar Sr. clan who came from Scotland and settled in Canada in the 1800s. I am gathering information on the Dougald (or Dugald) MacKellar and Mary Brody MacKellar branch who moved to Missouri about 1850 or 1860. His sons died in the Civil War but his daughters and their descendants are all through the West. Their names are: Susan (married name Ure); Mary (Smith); Christina or Teenie (Downie); Jennie or Jeanette (McNellis); Lizzie

(Continued on page 44)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P.S. WHY NOT INCLUDE YOUR OWN RENEWAL AT THESE REDUCED RATES?

San Francisco's Bon Vivant

(Continued from page 38)

those days—storing gold for miners in their safe and using their excess capital to lend to businessmen.

Pioche's Gallic enthusiasm and emerging financial skills gave him boundless enthusiasm for the potential of the West. The seemingly endless supply of gold made men casual about spending money. The price of goods and rents were higher in San Francisco then than in the present day.

In 1851 Pioche went to France to seek more funds to invest. He became one of the most sought-after figures in Parisian financial circles. Bankers and prostitutes alike pressed Pioche with money to invest in the new Eldorado. In order to popularize San Francisco Pioche commissioned the famous engraver Charles Meryon to create from a series of daguerrotypes a view of the city, showing a prosperous metropolis. This engraving, today a rare bit of Californiana, was a throw-away used to portray San Francisco as a substantial city to the thrifty French.

The funds went to work immediately, through the banking firm of Pioche & Bayerque, into San Francisco real estate —natural for Frenchmen. The rental returns of 6% to 10% per month in the early 1850s allowed Pioche to pay dividends of from 20% to 25% per year to his French investors. He bought property and developed Montgomery Street from Sutter Street to Market Street and almost the entire block bounded by Montgomery, Washington, Sansome, and Jackson.

But it was not only in downtown commercial property that Pioche invested his funds. He also bought large undeveloped tracts of land in what is today known as the Mission District. And when it appeared that the city's population was not moving rapidly enough into "the Mission" and buying lots in that early land development operation, Pioche built the Market Street Railway—one of San Francisco's earliest transit systems—to bring them there. The profits on both the land and the Transportation system became enormous.

And more real estate! Virtually every county in the State of California has records of the large ranches which Pioche bought during the 1850s and 1860s. This period, which saw the break-up of massive Spanish-Mexican land grants, also saw Pioche become one of the principal buyers of this land.

PIOCHE returned to France in 1853 and spent a great deal of time there during the 1850s, continuing to funnel investment funds to his banking firm in San Francisco. (Until the 1930s most banking firms in the United States combined the functions of today's commercial and investment banking companies.) The operations of Pioche & Bayerque were handled by partners J. B. Bayerque, J. Mora Moss, and A. Caselli.

Pioche employed his and his investors' funds in diverse ways. He financed the Jackson Street Wharf Company, one of the several private wharves which

Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco

stretched into the Bay. In fact, in 1860, Pioche & Bayerque were in the forefront of a group of local capitalists who sought to obtain the shore area in San Francisco for private use. Pursuing this objective, they succeeded in having the Bulkhead Bill passed by both houses of the state legislature. Their scheme was foiled when Governor Downey vetoed the bill.

So-called public utilities were unknown in the nineteenth century. All were privately financed, privately owned, and unregulated. Pioche was a major financier of both the San Francisco Gas Works, the principal component of what is today the Pacific Gas & Electric Company, and the Spring Valley Water Company, which many years later the City and County of San Francisco purchased for its municipally owned water system.

Pioche was not remiss, either in his interest in mining. After the Comstock discovery in 1859, Nevada became a new Golconda. Pioche's money helped to develop the Ely mining district, and the county seat of Lincoln County in eastern Nevada is named after him. Pioche also was involved in financing the Temescal tin mines in Southern California; the Malakoff diggings at North Bloomfield, Nevada County; the Rivot process for treating refractory ores and sulphurets; the Nolf process for the same purpose, and in various hydraulic mining enterprises. He was the principal underwriter and a director of the California Coal Mining Company which operated in Contra Costa County.

As if these imaginative activities were not sufficient, Pioche and his firm were pioneers in Western railroad construction. In mid-1852 a group of Sacramento businessmen incorporated the Sacramento Valley Railroad. It was not until 1855 that construction began, and in the meantime Pioche & Bayerque obtained controlling interest in this first railroad in the West. In addition to Pioche & Bayerque the line, which was to be constructed between Folsom and Placerville, had other leading San Franciscans involved with it —Commodore C. K. Garrison, shipping magnate and early San Francisco mayor; Captain Joseph L. Folsom; William T. Sherman, in the 1850s a San Francisco banker before achieving fame as a Civil War general; and Ralph S. Fretz, partner of fabled banker William C. Ralston.

The founders of the railroad had gone to New York in early 1854 and had hired a brilliant young railroad engineer, Theodore D. Judah, to build the Sacramento Valley Railroad. His vision and determined crusade in behalf of a transcontinental line later brought about the organization of the Central Pacific by four Sacramento businessmen: Crocker, Stanford, Huntington, and Hopkins. And it was Judah who, before his untimely death, laid out the route for the first transcontinental railroad.

Like most frontier business ventures, the Sacramento Valley Railroad underwent numerous vicissitudes. Pioche's firm not only financed the company but, along with Lester L. Robinson, managed it. Despite its being the first railroad, however, the Sacramento Valley line was not to bring financial rewards to its backers. The big four vigorously pursued the vision of a transcontinental railroad, and in the mid-1860s Pioche was forced to sell the Sacramento Valley to the Central Pacific at a substantial loss.

FOR all his ventures in financing the growth of the West during the 1850s and 1860s, Pioche never relinquished his interest in the field of general merchandise. He remained the California agent/distributor for the famous French Sazerac brandy.

Then at one of his summer homes—the New Almaden Mine near San Jose—he discovered a mineral spring. Pioche had the water from this spring tested for its medicinal qualities and compared to the water from various European spas. Satisfied with the excellent properties of the mineral springs, he began to bottle and sell the water.

San Franciscans are in debt to Pioche for the excellent cuisine in that city. Dissatisfied with the deplorable food served during the gold rush period, Pioche imported chefs from France, and soon there were numerous restaurants with an excellent reputation for French cooking. One of the earliest of these—and one which apparently had Pioche's financial backing—was Le Poulet d'Or—corrupted by the miners into the present name of the restaurant—The Poodle Dog.

During his twenty-three years in San Francisco, Pioche, like his contemporary Ralston, never ceased to labor to enhance his adopted home. He backed industrial fairs in San Francisco, generously contributed to charitable and philanthropic causes, and promoted cultural and educational institutions.

His will illustrates his benefactions while alive. To the fledgling University of California he bequeathed his extensive art, book, and mineralogical collections plus $5,000. To French Hospital he left

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two acres of land and $5,000. To sculptor Pietro Mezzara he left $10,000 and various objets d'art.

A life-long bachelor, Pioche had all the qualities one would expect from a cultivated Frenchman. He loved the good life and had the money to enjoy it. An ardent collector, he invested heavily in art, furniture and decorative pieces, books, minerals, and shells. His love of good food, wines, and spirits was something he enjoyed sharing with friends and visitors to San Francisco.

Pioche had five homes during his residency there. Three were located in the city and two were country homes. One of these residences—the Hermitage—was located on what is now Dolores Street, across from and south of Mission Dolores. Another was on Mission between Sixth and Seventh Streets. Here, during the rainy winter of 1862, Pioche's gardens and house were flooded when the waters of Sans Souci Lake (at what is now Divisadero and Fulton) rushed down to submerge the area around the Pioche estate. The third home—where he died—was at 806 Stockton Street. This mansard-roofed house, along with its grounds, covered half the block. Big bay windows fronted on Stockton Street; and, looking north toward the Bay, ran a balcony where, after dinner, Pioche liked to sit, siping his brandy, smoking his rich Havana cigars, and admiring the view.

Pioche's summer homes were located in San Mateo and near San Jose. The San Mateo estate was located between El Camino Real and the Alameda de las Pulgas. After his death the property and house was purchased by San Francisco banker Antoine Borel whose descendants continue to own it. Farther south, Pioche owned property at the New Almaden Quicksilver Mine, and used the old house built for the mine's managers as his residence.

(Continued on next page)

F.L.A. Pioche

Courtesy California Historical Society, San Francisco

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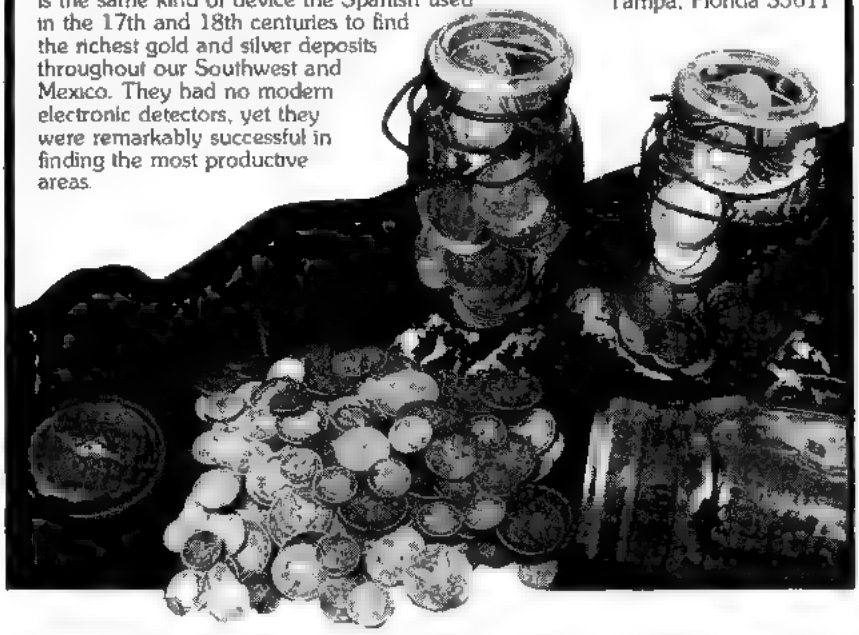

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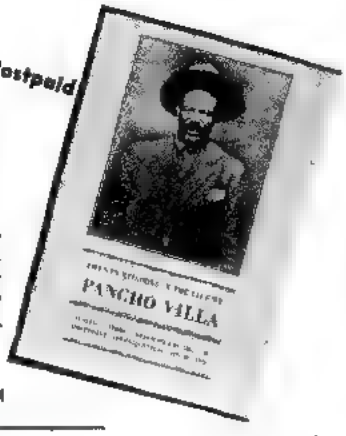

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DESPITE this panoply of wealth, however, and for all his financial successes, in the late 1860s or early 1870s, Pioche and his firm found themselves overextended. (Reasons for this contraction of business are not available although, from both the accounts of an inquest held at Pioche's death and from lawsuits launched by executors of his estate, it is obvious that Pioche was financially troubled.)

Whether for fresh blood or for additional capital, Pioche took in as a partner and, seemingly, effective head of the firm, L. L. Robinson who had built and controlled the Sacramento Valley Railroad in conjunction with Pioche & Bayerque.

After Pioche's death, the executors of his estate sued Robinson for fraudulently misappropriating to his personal use assets belonging to Pioche and to the firm of Pioche & Bayerque. From testimony given at the trial, Robinson evidently proved to be as much an evil genius to Pioche as Sharon was to be to Ralston in 1875.

The comparisons in the lives of these two San Francisco giants—Ralston and Pioche—are uncanny. Unlike the usual robber-barons of the last half of the nineteenth centruy, both Pioche and Ralston were men of taste and culture. Both were passionately devoted to San Francisco and to the growth of the West, spending millions of dollars of their capital to finance this growth, frequently in money-losing ventures. Neither of them ever tired of promoting the Bay City's cultural and educational life. No financier of that time, or since, had the wide-ranging, innovative minds in sponsoring so many aspects of Western growth as did these two men. Compared to the flinty- hearted businessmen who made up the financial communities of many United States cities at that time, Pioche and Ralston were genial, kind, and charitable. Even in their enjoyment of the luxury which their wealth and position brought them, they displayed taste and modesty.

And yet, both men died as comparative failures. In 1875, the Bank of California failed; shortly thereafter Ralston died of a stroke while swimming in San Francisco Bay. His supposed friend and protege, William Sharon, appropriated virtually all of his sizeable estate and deprived Ralston's heirs of their inheritance.

Three years before, Pioche had commited suicide and in 1876 his firm was liquidated.

RALSTON'S life is infinitely better remembered than Pioche's due to three biographies, the fact that the Bank of California remains as his financial legacy, and because most of his papers and letters remain. Unfortunately, no historian has so recorded the life of Pioche; no financial institution he founded remains; and virtually no letter of Pioche or of his firm is extant.

Pioche deserves much more from San Francisco and the West than the oblivion to which he has been consigned. He should be remembered by Californians particularly for his unceasing efforts to develop the economy and the cosmopolitan excellence of their state and he should become a model for contemporary Western businessmen and financiers for his bold, creative, and imaginative financing of new industries. Some day Francois Louis Alfred Pioche's adopted city may see fit to restore to him the fame which is rightfully his as a major builder of San Francisco.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 40)

(Porter Woods); Maggie (William Campbell); Effie; Katie; and my grandmother, Sarah MacKellar Edwards. Any help anyone can give me will be appreciated.

I am also interested in James Campbell and his daughters Ida and Fay. Don't know how they are related.—Lila Jurgensen, Box 144, Electric City, Washington 99123

Starnes-Riddle

My late mother, Mrs. Ada E. Starnes, came originally from Kentucky, bearing the name of Riddle. She was one of the younger of a large family, among whom were a sister Pearl, two brothers Luther and Crat, and several others whose names I can't recall. She was wed to my father, James Harrison Starnes, whose family history is vague since he never at any time told about it.

They were married when Mom was barely twenty, he being forty. This was about 1909. Since they were both from a very small place in Kentucky, Albany, perhaps there's still someone who may have known them or some of their relatives.

Mom was at least two-thirds Cherokee and showed it in many ways. She often told me about her early youth and the frontier-like existence she experienced there in Albany, which I gathered was in a mountainous country.

Dad had one brother, Robert, who settled in Brown County, Texas, near a small place (and old settlement), Trickham. This was not far from Brownwood. The last time I heard from any of his children was several years ago. One daughter, Maury, lived at Coleman, Texas. If still alive, she'd be near sixty. Dad died in 1940; Mom three years ago. Both were past eighty.

I would greatly love hearing from any cousins or their children. The Riddles lived in Oklahoma, at Okemah, close to an Indian reservation. My uncle Crat died a few years ago. The last I knew, a son survived him, as well as his wife, whom I never met and whose name I do not know.—Luke F. Starnes, 1172 North Bronson Avenue, Hollywood, California 90038

Holder

I would like to locate the descendants of Jesse M. Holder. While raking pine needles and branches on our lot here in Jackson Hole, I uncovered a silver medal, oval shaped and rather tarnished. On one side is engraved, "The most

(Continued on page 69)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

BLACK PIONEER

Monument to a Black Man (The Naylor Co., $6.95) by Daniel James Kubiak is a biography of William Goyens, a free Negro from the Carolinas who migrated to Texas and gained prominence prior to his death in 1856. Kubiak traced Goyens life from recorded accounts of specific incidents. Although there are many gaps, the major story of Goyens' courage and general acceptance as a citizen and landowner in East Texas is plain. The unique position of this mulatto with a Mexican wife—in social, business, and political affairs in Nacogdoches—is all the more remarkable in that he was a leader to men of all races and was respected by Sam Houston. At a time when land ownership was precarious for anyone, Goyens accumulated thousands of acres through shrewd business transactions. When the Republic of Texas decreed that all men of color must leave or be sold, Goyens and "all free persons of color" were granted permission to remain in the Republic. Kubiak's book corrects some misinformation about Goyens, including the errors on his gravemarker in Nacogdoches.

ART AND VERSE

Four Winds; Poems from Indian Rituals (The Sunstone Press, $2.95) collected by Gene Meany Hodge with illustrations by the author is a selection to illustrate the poetry in Indian philosophy. The author obtained the material while doing research for his book, *The Kachinas are Coming*. Prayers of thanksgiving, love of nature and of children are prominent. Illustrations are Indian designs adapted to fit the poems.

THE WAYS WEST

Great Trails of The West (Abingdon Press, $7.95) by Richard Dunlop is a well documented and illustrated catalog of the routes used by traders, miners, freighters, Pony Express, and settlers as they scattered over the great West beyond the Missouri River, Santa Fe, El Camino Real, Royal Road to the California Missions, Oregon Trail, Barlow Road, Hastings Cutoff, California Trail, Mormon Trail, Applegate Road, Lassen Trail, Nobles Road, Butterfield Trail, Pony Express Trail, Chisholm Trail, and Chilkoot Trail were all traveled again by the author over a period of five years. His personal observations, photographs, maps, and anecdotes bring to life the adventure, romance, and danger of the trails and their roles in the settling of the West. Each is traced in detail with remaining visible evidences and landmarks reviewed. Narratives of historical background are laced with tales of the trail under the original conditions and hardships. Dunlop's book is an interesting modern account of the early Western transportation system and contains a wealth of reference material. An extensive bibliography and index are included.

☆ ☆ ☆

Summer on the Lakes in 1843 (B. De Graaf-Nieukoop, Holland, $12.50) is a facsimile of the 1844 original published by Little, Brown. It is one of a series on "Women on the Move" by women who traveled and settled in the American West and Midwest between 1835 and 1877. Margaret Fuller was a New England reformer with the eye of a poet who visited the Midwest when the settler was displacing the Indian. She found new settlements distasteful and felt that "the Indian cannot be looked at truly except by a poetic eye." Well-educated, well known, "ugly but dynamic" Margaret Fuller recorded her observations traveling by steamboat on the Great Lakes and by wagon on the prairies, and sketching the scenes she saw. The results of her literary efforts which were published in 1844 were judged by Emerson as an "agreeable narrative," but less favorably by other critics. Her descriptions and sketches of the country, her somewhat critical view of the immigrants, and her impressions of the Indians make her book one of importance for the period and area covered.

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Famous Frontiersmen (Hubbard Press, P.O. Box 442, Northbrook, Ill. 60062, $4.95) was written by John W. Moyer and illustrated by James L. Vlasaty. There is a portrait in color of each of the frontiersmen—Boone, Lewis and Clark, Crockett, Houston, Bowie, Bridger, Carson, Hickok, Custer and Cody and a chapter on each of them. Not every one will agree with the author's choices of frontiersmen to include in his book—Custer was a soldier; Hickok (primarily), a peace officer and gunman; and Buffalo Bill Cody an army scout and showman. The ten-to-fourteen-year olds for whom this book was written will like it.

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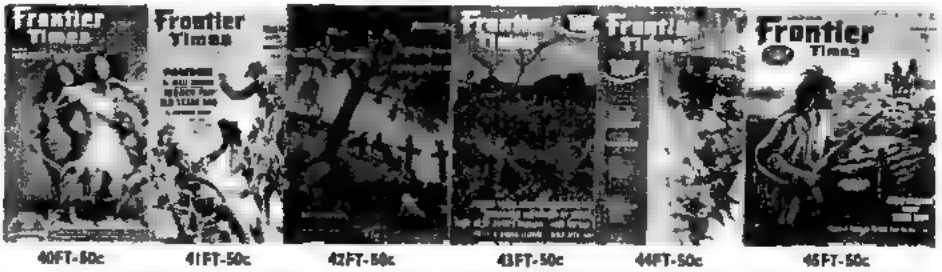

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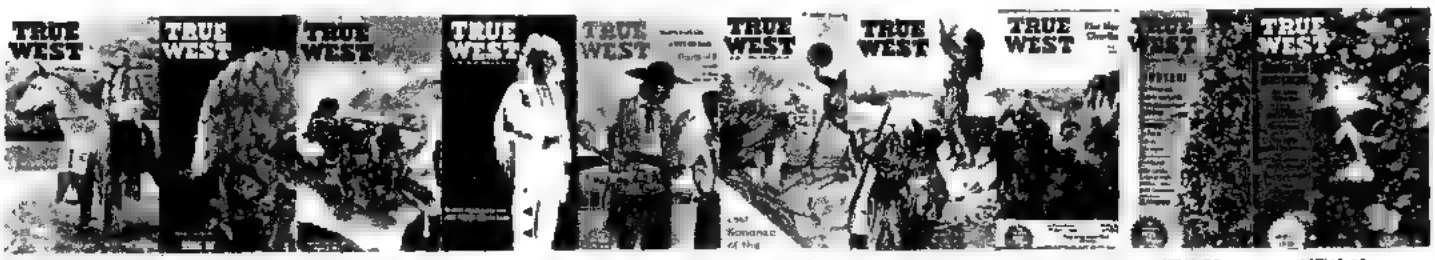

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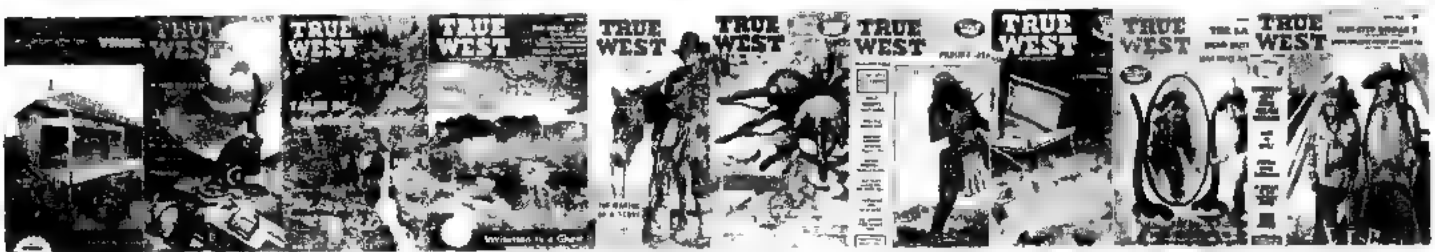

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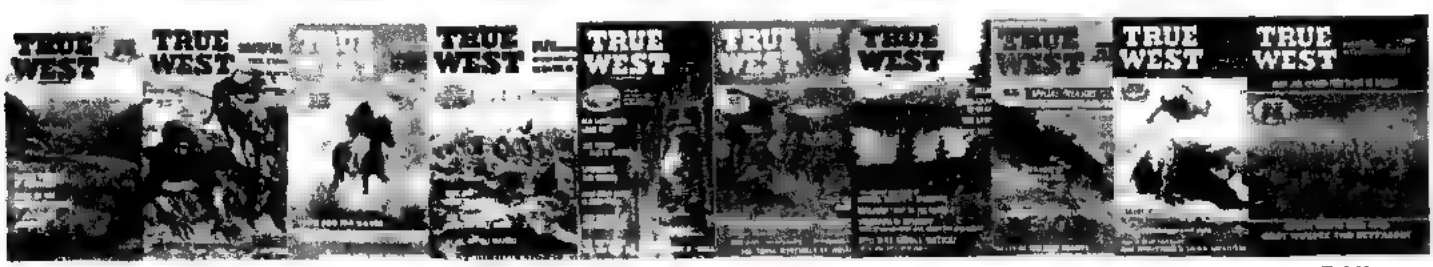

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Sophia Coffee

(Continued from page 11)

in Fannin County. Hart said that he and the Bakers built three cabins, cleared and cultivated four acres of land, and lived on the property till the spring of 1839. At that time they leased the land to John F. Moody, who abandoned it without warning, after which Holland Coffee took possession. Hart not only charged that Coffee appropriated the tract illegally but that he had no valid claim to the one-third league of land he had applied for because he was living outside of Texas at the time of the Declaration of Independence. It was a bitter fight, and Court and litigants adjourned to the site involved in the dispute, but Coffee won the verdict. About a year later the argument was renewed when Coffee's partner, Silas Colville, met Hart in Warren. In the fight which followed Hart was killed.

In addition to his trade with the Indians Coffee served as guide and provisioner for various groups, the largest of which was Jacob Snively's ill-starred expedition in 1843. Coffee accompanied the unfortunate band only part way to its goal so he escaped the humiliation which befell these bold adventurers.

On January 8, 1846 Indian Agent Pierce Butler, a former governor of South Carolina, arrived at Coffee's post with a large party bent on a rescue mission to Central Texas where, reportedly, Indians were holding captive several women and children they had stolen from white settlements. Coffee outfitted the expedition, then rode with the group as guide and as liaison with the Comanches. The white men arrived at Comanche Peak, the designated rendezvous, on February 20; the red men came not at all. By accident or purpose they had eluded the scouts Coffee sent out to invite them to meet with the Pierce party.

According to reputation Coffee would have held dear the success of Pierce's mission. Without assurance of reimbursement he often ransomed Anglo-Americans who were brought captive to his trading post by Indians. One woman wrote afterward of Coffee's weeping when, in spite of all he could offer, the Indians refused to release two white boys.

Mrs. John Horn, an Englishwoman, with several other colonists, was captured near San Patricio and traded to various Indians until she was in Coffee's trade territory. Coffee heard of her, came and tried to arrange for her release but her captors would accept nothing he could offer. Mrs. Horn remembered, "He expressed deepest concern at his disappointment and wept over me as he divided his scanty supply of flour with me and my children. . . ."

But Holland Coffee's good deeds did not save him from bad report. In August 1835, Jim Bowie, in Natchez, Mississippi wrote to Henry Reug *Jefe Politico* of the Nacogdoches District, that he had just returned from a trip through the Indian villages and had heard that Coffee, at his trading post "above the Cross Timbers on Red River" was abetting the Indians in their depredations on Anglo

and Mexican settlers. On November 1, 1837 the House Committee on Indian Affairs recommended that "Coffee's trading house on Red River be suppressed or put under surveillance," and in the summer of 1842 someone disliked him enough to fire on him from a thicket as he was riding near Dagley's Landing. The bullet went through both breasts of his coat.

RECORDS of the couple's activities in the eight years following their marriage indicate that Coffee was away from home much of the time and that he was gradually turning from trade

Courtesy Grayson County Historical Survey Committee

Glen Eden Plantation

with Indians to planting. The Indians were being pushed farther west as the Texas Road and the immigrant trails to the east poured unceasing streams of settlers into the area. Coffee bought land to add to his already generous holdings and he bought slaves—twenty-one in a single purchase.

Like many ambitious plantation men he accumulated debts, but Sophia held the estate solvent when it fell to her management. In his will, dated May 7, 1841 he made Sophia, "my beloved wife," sole heir to his estate beyond any indebtedness he might leave. Five years and ten days later he added a codicil in which he declared that "being apprehensive that surrounding circumstances may soon terminate my life, and desirous of making this a part of my foregoing will and not having said testament now with me at this place require that my wife Sophia shall be executrix of my above specified will."

The reason for his apprehension has never been determined, but *The Northern Standard*, Clarksville, Texas, on October 10, 1846 carried the following notice:

We learned that on the first inst. a recounter took place in Grayson county, between Colonel Holland Coffee, well known as one of the earliest traders . . . with the Indians, on the waters of Red River, and Mr. Charles A. Galloway, a merchant, resident of Washita Post. Colonel Coffee is said to have received some stabs which proved mortal. We have not full particulars.

The deceased was warmly esteemed by a large circle of friends, and noted for great frankness and natural nobleness of character. Though a long time resident upon the Indian border he was remarkable for the considerate kindness of feeling more ordinarily attendant upon refined society. He was a warm friend and a true hearted gentleman, and fell in a difficulty respecting a matter of honor. His loss will be greatly lamented. . . .

On the following November 26, *The Northern Standard* had further explanation:

Grayson District Court—Mr. Charles A. Galloway, who was charged with the murder of Colonel Coffee, has, we are informed, been acquitted by public sentiment. It seems there were several witnesses of the act and it was so clearly a case of self-defense in the last extremity, that the Grand Jury could not find a bill. We are told that Mr. Galloway is universally considered blameless for his conduct throughout the difficulty, and the final act which terminated so fatally and unfortunately. . . .

Only legend gives a reason for this fierce duel with bowie knives, and the fact that Charles' wife, Eugenia, was the daughter of Holland's brother, George Washington Coffee of Jackson, Mississippi, only adds to the mystery of why one good man provoked another to kill.

SOPHIA'S third husband was Major George N. Butt of Princess Anne County, Virginia. According to his family he was a Peters' Colonist though he is not registered as such. The first record of his being in Texas is in a bill of sale made to him by Hiram Coffee for the purchase of an eight-year-old Negro boy, Harry, "for the sum of three hundred dollars cash in hand paid." The date was February 8, 1848.

Today there is no record which shows the date of Sophia's marriage to Major Butt, though in November 1849, Colonel Randolph B. Marcy noted that Butt sat on the piazza (at Glen Eden, Sophia's plantation home) as Marcy and his party rode up, dirty and ragged, after a difficult trip across the high plains from New Mexico. To this he added that he "frequently met Mr. Butt afterward, and am indebted to him and his accomplished lady for many hospitalities which they extended to me." Also Major Butt and Sophia are listed as man and wife in the Grayson County census for 1850.

Among the Porter estate papers are documents which show that in November 1849, Major Butt shared equally with his mother, Frances, and his two younger brothers, William and Albert, in the estate of his deceased father. The total value of the Princess Anne County property was given as $6,187.09. At that time Major Butt was thirty-six years old—two years older than Sophia.

Apparently dealing in land and slaves and running the plantation was Major Butt's occupation for the next fifteen years. By taking advantage of Sophia's

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rights as Holland Coffee's widow, by making claims in Butt's name and by outright purchase they added many acres to their holdings. Also each, buying separately, implemented the slave force.

Another enterprise in which Major Butt was interested was General John C. Fremont's Memphis, El Paso and Pacific Railroad which, because of the Civil War, did not begin operation in Texas before it lost its identity by being taken over by Southern Pacific in 1871, seven years after the Major's death. Sophia, beneficiary and executrix of his will, apparently realized nothing from this venture except the ornate certificates vouching for shares in return for the land and money he had turned into the investment.

Mrs. Evans, long-time companion of Sophia, recalled that Major Butt was always described to her as a large man, handsome, and aristocratic in manner. Also Sophia related that he insisted on form in etiquette and he was so fastidious concerning table service, even when only the two of them were present, that she never trusted the slaves with the arrangements; she saw to that duty herself. But she, too, liked the grand manner so the years with her patrician spouse were happy ones.

TRADITION has it that both Major Butt and Sophia ardently espoused the cause of the Confederacy. There are stories of their inviting transients and local men whom they regarded as slackers into their home and serving "refreshments" till the guests were in a state of mellow acquiescence. When these evaders regained their normal perception, they found themselves duly sworn recruits in the Trans-Mississippi Department, CSA.

Major Butt and Sophia welcomed Quantrill and his guerrillas, accepting their word that they were loyal troops of the Confederacy. The hospitality of the plantation was extended to them until their raids about the country became so flagrant that their host and hostess could no longer believe in their patriotism. But the outlaws were deaf to all intimation that they had outstayed their welcome. They clung to the premises, when they were not ravaging the countryside, like cockleburs on a beaver hat.

It is said that at a dinner party at Glen Eden during this time, Sophia remarked spiritedly that nothing would please her better than to play Salome to Quantrill's John the Baptist. It was another of Sophia's sharp witticisms, too clever to be kept secret so it was passed quickly through the bandit-surfeited neighborhood.

At this time Major Butt went to Sherman to collect money for cotton he had sold. He did not return in the evening so Sophia sent search parties to find him. Two weeks later his horse, starved to a rack of bones, was found tied to a branch of a tree in deep woods. A short distance away the men found Major Butt's body. His death occurred on February 6, 1863; interment was made in the nearby cemetery in Sherman.

Menaced by danger, both real and rumored, Sophia, for the next several months, clung stubbornly to Glen Eden. In that time, reportedly, she saved the little Confederate garrison at Fort Washita, fifteen miles to the north in Indian Territory. By swimming her mount, a big mule, across Red River at night, after she had locked Federal officers in her wine cellar, she warned the Confederate forces in time for them to evacuate. Also, later, she stood off an attack from a small war party of Indians by marshalling her slaves behind a barricade of cotton bales and arming them with anything available.

But finally Sophia was convinced that the border with its increasing number of stragglers, deserters, runaway slaves, and wild Indians was no place for a lady. Many people were passing over the Texas-Preston Road in flight to Mexico to escape the triumphant Yankees, for the South was slowly sinking in defeat.

Courtesy Archer Collection

Though her heart was with the Confederacy, Sophia remained discreet about money matters; she managed to convert to gold coin, which she placed in the bottom of the buckets necessary to the operation of her tar pole wagons, filled the containers with tar, and strung them in their usual place under the wagons. With her cash thus banked she set out for Waco, a haven for fleeing Southerners. Here, in this village swollen ten times over its normal size by the influx of frightened, harried refugees, Sophia met and married her fourth husband, Judge James Porter, a Kentuckian in Texas via Missouri. They were married in April 1865 by President Rufus C. Burleson of Baylor University.

One of the strange turns of fate was that President Burleson was a son-in-law of Congressman James R. Jenkins of Washington, a staunch Baptist who had stubbornly opposed Sophia's divorce from Jesse Aughinbaugh.

IN the Preston community Sophia's fourth husband established a place for himself. He was instrumental in organizing a Methodist Church and Sunday School, and Sophia followed his lead in both activities. The wine cellar was emptied of its liquors, and without anyone quite knowing how it came about Glen Eden became the Porter House and remained so until the house was removed to make way for Lake Texoma. It ceased to be the scene of week-long parties and dances, though it was always a popular gathering place for friends and neighbors. And of course, many people in the immediate area continued to call it Glen Eden.

One lady of the community remembered Judge Porter as a nice looking man, erect and immaculate with white hair and goatee. He was a good man, she said, but no one ever "got real close to him, for he was reserved in manner." Miss Jennie Jackson, beloved teacher and principal of Denison schools for forty-seven years, was a young friend of the Porters. Of the judge she said, "He was not everybody's man though he was kind and friendly."

Judge Porter's first wife died before or during the Civil War. Their one child, a daughter, married a young man by the name of Stark and they made their home in Kansas City. They had two children, a son and daughter who, as teen-agers, visited their grandfather at the Porter House.

On September 10, 1886, at the age of seventy-seven, Judge Porter died of natural causes. For twenty-one years he had served as master of Sophia's domain, and the community gratefully acknowledged his strong and benign authority. Probably there is no better tribute to his worth than the simple tribute Sophia chose for his gravestone in Preston cemetery: It reads, "He made home happy."

Sophia lived at Glen Eden until her death on August 27, 1897. In reply to the question, "In the time you were with Sophia did she seem to show any preference toward any one of her four husbands?" Mrs. Emory Evans, companion of Sophia during her last widowhood, said, "In the eleven years I was with her she spoke more frequently of Colonel Coffee than she did of the others, but he was her most famous husband—the one people asked about. Major Butt was killed many years before I knew Mrs. Porter, but she always mentioned him in a tone of affection. She was proud of his fine, aristocratic ways. She was past seventy when I went to live with her so possibly that first marriage, which broke up at least fifty years before, seemed too far away to be real. Anyway Jesse Aughinbaugh had almost no part in her recollections."

The Lubbock Brothers

(Continued from page 26)

the establishment of the Republic of Texas, but the new government did not have a state house. Francis Lubbock, always quick to see an opportunity, provided one. Soon after his arrival in Houston, he had begun construction of a large wooden building which he planned to use as a storehouse. By adding dormer windows and other refinements, it could be converted into an imposing residence, and Francis set about doing that.

When it was decided to move the capital to Houston, Francis sold the story-and-one-half frame building to the Republic as a residence for President Houston. The house was located on the southeast corner of Main Street and Preston Avenue, near where the Rice Hotel now stands. Both Houston and President Mirabeau B. Lamar lived in the Lubbock house during their administrations. Because the new Republic had a debt of $1,250,000 at the time and was hard-pressed for money, Francis agreed to take a promissory note for $6,000 in payment. This may not have seemed like good business but it was certainly smart politics, for shortly thereafter he was appointed a clerk of the Texas Congress and also comptroller. He was again appointed comptroller during Houston's second administration in 1841, but resigned to look after business and supervise his ranch near Houston.

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Two years later Francis was defeated by Edward Clark for the office of

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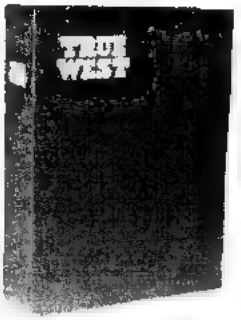

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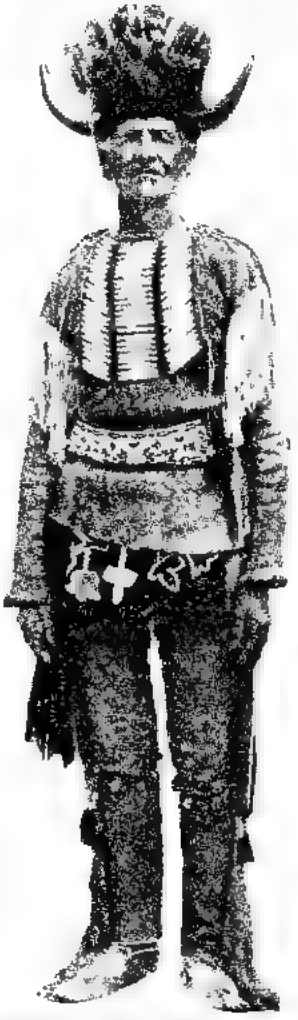

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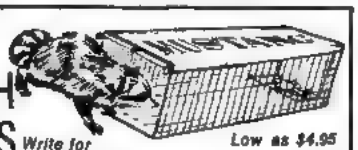

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lieutenant governor, when Clark ran on an Independent ticket with Sam Houston. Francis, however, kept active in politics and attended the Democratic National Convention at Charleston, South Carolina in 1860 as a delegate.

WHILE Francis was becoming one of Texas' political leaders, Tom had been busy fighting Indians and winning fame as a Ranger.

In 1841 Tom had left the employ of McKinney and Williams in Velasco, after another try at civilian life, and had joined the Santa Fe Expedition. Under the command of Colonel Hugh McLeod, 270 men had been ordered to invade New Mexico and take possession of Santa Fe. There they were to set up a government under the authority of Texas. The ordeals of this expedition—heat, hunger, thirst, wild Indians and cruel Mexicans—were later described by George Wilkins Kendall, editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, who went along as correspondent, thinking it would be a lark. It turned out to be a disaster.

Tom was serving as a lieutenant of one of the companies when the entire force was captured in New Mexico. He and the other survivors were marched, partly across desert country, to Mexico City and then to Perote and other prisons where many of them were confined for two years.

Tom, held in the Santiago Convent, escaped by leaping from a balcony and eluding his guards. After numerous hardships, he made his way back to Texas in time to join in Somervell Expedition. This expedition of 750 men under the leadership of General Alexander Somervell, set out from San Antonio for Laredo in November 1842. They succeeded in capturing Laredo on December 8. Later they encountered determined Mexican opposition, but Tom was one of those who again returned home after a grueling experience. While he must have told his brother, Francis, and others about his experiences, he never put them down in writing.

In the meantime, Francis had been living a comparatively quiet life as a politician and civil servant. Ranching had also proved to be a profitable sideline activity, and he had found poultry raising to be a fascinating hobby. In fact, he soon discovered a way to make this latter hobby a political asset. He handed out eggs, laid by his fancy breed chickens, instead of cigars to prospective voters!

Francis told about this vote-getting gimmick of his in his autobiography, and gave an interesting account of the beginning of the poultry industry in Texas.

"In the early fifties a craze swept over Texas and the Union generally for Asiatic poultry. Having determined to introduce and raise some of the choice breeds of fowls from Asia, I made elaborate preparations for their care and propagation by having erected on my ranch a commodious chicken house fifty by eighteen feet, three stories high, and conveniently subdivided for the different breeds.

"It was placed near the center of an acre lot, set out with fig and plum trees, and enclosed with a high fence of cypress pickets. Painted white and surmounted by a cupola, this building presented a creditable appearance to passers by, and suggested anew to their minds that a live Yankee must be the owner of the premises.

"When the preparations were completed, I set out for New Orleans with a drove of beef cattle, intending, after disposing of them, to inquire into the foreign chicken market. My cattle sold, I found a French importer of Asiatic fowls and soon made a deal with him for a pair of Brahmas at $40 a pair, a pair of Dominicks at $30, and a pair of Shanghais at $20. I got them to my ranch near Houston in due time without injury, and they were installed in their respective apartments in their big new house."

He went on to explain how he kept the breeds pure, and fed them on grain, plums, and figs. The chickens multiplied quickly and he soon had 1,500. "Mrs. Lubbock," he recorded, "took a lively interest in the business."

In a short time he came to be regarded as an authority on Asiatic poultry and "many came in person to see how we had succeeded in a business in which a majority had failed, and others made inquiries by mail."

In a somewhat humorous vein he added: "I went into the Asiatic chicken business for a speculation, and the reader may be curious to know the result. Well, it was this exactly: I never sold an egg or a chicken during the whole time I was engaged in the business, but we had a good time in living on them. Neighbours and friends from a distance would come to see us and get, free of cost, a setting of eggs, and others would carry off a pair of chickens at the same price. *I was in politics, had to be liberal, and suppose I got good pay in the long run.*

"My motto now is, 'If you are in politics, don't try to raise fine chickens for profit; if you are already in the business, keep out of politics.' "

FRANCIS LUBBOCK also took an active interest in an unusual project that Jefferson Davis was promoting at that time—the use of camels to transport military supplies from Texas to California.

"At this period [when he was lieutenant governor of Texas] I had a strange experience in the stock business with a lot of camels entrusted to my care.

"Old Texans recollect that under the auspices of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War under President Pierce, a cargo of thirty or thirty-five camels were landed at Indianola in the spring of 1856. After a short rest in that vicinity, they were driven up to San Antonio, and a few weeks later the herd of camels went into permanent quarters at Camp Verde, sixty miles southwest of that city. They were in charge of Major Wayne, who tested with satisfactory results their capacity

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as swift burden bearers. The next spring forty more, landed at Indianola, joined the herd at Camp Verde.

"In the fall of 1858 a couple of ships, presumably British, anchored at Galveston under suspicious circumstances. They were first thought to be slavers watching for an opportunity of secretly landing their human freight. But the ships turned out to be laden only with camels. . . . Happening to be in Galveston at the time, I went to see the camels (about forty in number) after they had been landed and penned. Mrs. Watson, an English lady, owner of the herd, was hunting some reliable person to whom she might entrust its care until finally disposed of by sale or otherwise. I was introduced as a proper person to the lady and her agent Señor Michado.

"I contracted with Señor Michado on satisfactory terms to assume custody and maintenance of the camels when delivered at my ranch. Accordingly a steamboat was chartered, on which Michado brought the animals to the mouth of Sims' Bayou for delivery. The landing took place in the presence of a crowd of spectators, among whom were Sam Allen, Jules Baron and myself. On finding themselves once more on solid ground, the camels showed their high spirits by jumping, rearing, and frisking about like sheep. Observing these capers, Baron remarked that he did not believe anyone could lasso a camel. Allen quickly affirmed the contrary, and finally bet Baron $10 that he could rope one himself.

"Allen mounted his horse, lasso in hand, and with a sharp swing on the first trial, threw it over the head of a large camel and brought him to the ground after a short struggle. *Baron, lately from Louisiana, had not learned that Texans generally accomplish what they undertake.*"

With typical attention to detail, Francis went on to record the daily ratio of eight or ten pounds of hay given each camel and to report: "This herd did not seem to suffer from the cold in the winter of 1858-59, though they had no protection but a skirt of timber on the north."

DESPITE his defeat for lieutenant governor by Clark in 1859, Francis had remained a popular leader of his party and in 1861 was chosen governor. This was due in part to the bitter fight over the Secession issue. Francis favored seceding from the Union, a state convention of Texas leaders having voted 156 to 6 in favor of a resolution approving such action. Houston, a confirmed anti-secessionist, had failed to appear to take the oath of office on March 16, 1861, and Clark had proceeded to serve as governor pro tem until Lubbock's election.

When Francis Lubbock assumed the governor's office, he immediately moved to strengthen both the state's defenses and economy. He created a military board composed of the governor, comptroller and treasurer, and initiated legislative action to raise a mounted regiment for frontier defense.

He also established a state foundry and a percussion-cap factory, and contracted with private firms for the manufacture of guns with which to arm Texas troops. In this program for increasing the state's defense, he became the father of another important Texas industry. He started the manufacture of cloth and shoes by convict labor in the state penitentiary at Huntsville.

As his term as governor drew to a close, he joined the Confederate Army, serving for a short time as a colonel on the staff of General Magruder and then on the staff of General John A. Wharton in Louisiana. During the summer of 1864 he was appointed special aide to President Jefferson Davis and was captured with Davis in May 1865, and imprisoned for seven months in Fort Delaware.

WHILE Francis had been serving the Confederacy as a business relations counselor and advisor on transportation, Tom and B. F. Terry had been organizing a regiment of skilled horsemen into hard-riding, straight-shooting cavalry. Popularly known as Terry's Texas Rangers, this fighting unit consisted of ten companies of volunteer horsemen who were mustered into the Confederate Army as the 8th Texas Cavalry. In the city of Houston alone, they had enrolled nearly 1,000 men, many of them former Texas Rangers. The 8th Texas Cavalry was ordered to join General Albert Sidney Johnston's forces at Bowling Green, Kentucky. Terry was made colonel; Tom, lieutenant colonel.

Late in August 1861 arrangements were made to proceed from Houston to New Iberia, Louisiana in two divisions. From New Iberia, the troops went by steamboat to New Orleans. Colonel Terry was in charge of the first division. He set out in September, accompanied by Governor Lubbock. Describing this experience in his memoirs, Francis recalled their splashing through muddy bayous and swamps, often in water up to their horses' bellies.

He continued in company with Terry's outfit as far as Chattanooga, Tennessee, then continued alone to Richmond, Virginia where he conferred with President Davis.

"I never saw the hero Terry in life again," he wrote. Terry was killed in his second clash with Union troops at Woodsonville, Kentucky, but his name was retained by his organization. His Rangers rendered outstanding service at Shiloh and in the campaign around Murfreesboro, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Knoxville, and in their last engagement at Bentonville, North Carolina in 1865.

The Rangers, who supplied their own horses, enjoyed the privilege of acting as an independent unit of the army. They paid their own expenses and lived off the enemy. Seventy-five per cent of the outfit lost their lives in the war, according to Dudley G. Wooten in his *A Comparative History of Texas*, Vol. II.

Tom Lubbock's Rangers followed Terry's group over virtually the same route, but since Francis and Tom were engaged in different assignments, they saw little of each other during the war. In the fall of 1861, as Francis was returning

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to Texas after his conference with Jefferson Davis at Richmond and as Tom was moving his men to the scene of action, the two brothers saw each other for the last time.

Francis describes the scene in his book: "I left Richmond, October 6, 1861 for Texas. While steaming up the Teche to New Iberia, the boat with the remaining companies of the 8th Texas passed us, my brother, Lieut. Col. Tom Lubbock being in command. We recognized each other and signalled a farewell, I going to Texas to my duties as Governor, and he, as soldier, to meet the invaders at the threshold of our Southland. This was our last meeting on earth."

Tom was killed in Tennessee on January 9, 1862 and Francis recorded that his death occurred in the Battle of Shiloh. However, this appears to be an error as the Battle of Shiloh did not take place until after April 6 and 7. (Sources vary as to time, place and cause of death.) Tom's body and that of Terry were returned to Houston where they were buried with full military honors.

Members of Tom's old regiment who survived the war returned to settle the South Plains of West Texas and they named their region after him. The city of Lubbock was founded about 1873 and incorporated in 1909.

Up there in the cow country, some residents of Lubbock County admit they have never heard of Francis, Tom's brother who became governor. They only remember one Lubbock, the Ranger—the tall, blue-eyed Indian fighter.

Yet Francis, the politician, left his imprint in Texas in many ways. Upon his release from the Union military prison, Francis returned to Texas and opened commission houses in Galveston and Houston. Speculating in a beef-packing venture, he lost everything.

With his fortune wiped out, his business gone, Francis again turned to politics. And once again, he remembered the old vote-getting gimmick that had worked so well when his Asiatic poultry was a novelty. He started handing out eggs again—and it worked.

In 1878, Francis was elected State Treasurer, an office that he held for thirteen years. During this period, he wrote his memoirs, *Six Decades in Texas*, and was a familiar sight in Austin—a short, slightly plump man with a handsome beard, who always wore a neatly pressed gray suit. His genial good nature and honesty as a public servant won him friends throughout the state. He held the office of State Treasurer until 1891 when he voluntarily retired.

After the death of his first wife, Adele Baron, he married Mrs. Sara E. (Black) Porter in 1883; and twenty years later on August 12, 1903, after the death of his second wife, he married Lue Scott. Francis left no progeny, but Tom did, and some of his descendants now live in Austin.

A bust of Governor Lubbock, sculptured by the famous Elizabet Ney, is on display in the Texas Memorial Museum at Austin. It was moved there a few years ago from the Capitol rotunda, and its removal caused a stir until its new location was discovered.

Yes, the story of Texas would not have been the same without the Lubbocks. They left a heritage to remember with pride.

The Wild Young Man in Australia's Past

(Continued from page 19)

clusions—misjudging the innocent act as robbery. Morgan started shooting, but much to John's relief his neighbor was not a marksman.

Morgan pressed charges against John, and the constables were delighted to make the arrest. To the law the Kellys and the Quinns were a gang of desperadoes who needed to be locked up. John's hopes of moving to Jerilderie were dashed by this new turn of events and he felt a desperation greater than he had ever known before. Destiny had interceded again. (Seventeen years following John's release from Port Arthur, at forty-five years of age, he was to face another unfair prison sentence.) Ned tearfully watched his father being taken away and wondered whether there was any justice in this world.

Thirty-three-year-old Nelly bravely accepted the responsibility of caring for her large family alone. She applied for a liquor license so that part of her large farmhouse could be converted into a pub. The police, as might be expected, refused to grant her permission because they felt she and her relatives were unfit to run such an establishment.

With John in prison, the two families were no longer closely watched, so Nelly defied the police. Due partly to her bitter resentment but primarily because of need, she proceeded to sell liquor to travelers. Ned would entertain the customers by singing ballads about Australia's wild bush country.

One frequent patron was an older bushranger named Kevin Power, who enjoyed relaxing in the homey atmosphere and seeing the open admiration in Ned's eyes as the boy asked questions about Kevin's exploits. Nelly watched Ned's interest blossom into a warm friendship but was powerless to alter its course.

One evening, long after Kevin had left, the police rushed into Nelly's house. Two men were joining Ned in a chorus as the door flew open, "Out among the 'roos I did ride . . . ." Both Nelly and Ned were arrested and confined to the city jail. Kevin Powers had stolen some cattle after leaving Nelly's roadhouse and the police, in their zest, had mistakenly believed the bushranger to be Ned Kelly.

NELLY was charged with operating a pub without a license and as a result of the publicity became known as the "notorious Mrs. Kelly." And though Ned was only fifteen, his fame had spread prematurely and the settlers already believed him guilty, even those who stopped at the jail to wish the boy luck. Ned became the subject of newspaper headlines, and enjoyed—for the first time—this new feeling of being in the spotlight. Local settlers were primarily composed of ex-convicts, Irish immigrants, and many poor families, all of whom felt empathy with Ned since the police were universally disliked.

Ned Kelly saw a large crowd around the courthouse as he was escorted to his trial. The presiding magistrate sympathized with the struggling settlers and promptly acquitted Ned. As he ran outside, strangers shook his hands happily wishing him the Australian term of approval, "Good-on-yer, lad." The boy was innocent, at this point, but all of the recent attention was to have its influence.

At her trial Nelly stared at the judge but thought about her husband. Was he well? Were the guards being cruel to him? Unanswered questions filled her mind until she was brought back to the present by Constable Fitzpatrick's rough tap on her arm. She was acquitted!

The officer could not subtantiate a credible case against Nelly but he would not give up. Constable Fitzpatrick merely took Nelly to another town to be tried again for the same offense.

Ned arranged for lodgings near the jail in order to comfort his mother. Nelly looked weary in her soiled clothes after the weeks she had spent in jail. Perhaps she realized she could not cope with Constable Fitzpatrick's vendetta against the two families.

When his mother was acquitted the second time, Ned joyfully escorted her as they rode their horses home. There they were greeted by the cheers of strangers, neighbors, and friends who had been anxiously awaiting the out-

Courtesy Australian Department of Information

Church ruins at Port Arthur, built in 1836 and said to be a miniature of Glastonbury Abbey, England. It was probably designed by James Blackburn, a clerk in the Public Works Department, though credit has also been given to a convict named Mason who is said to have been granted a pardon for his work. It is built of freestone, with a paved floor, and was designed to accommodate more than 1,000 persons. It was interdenominational, and never consecrated.

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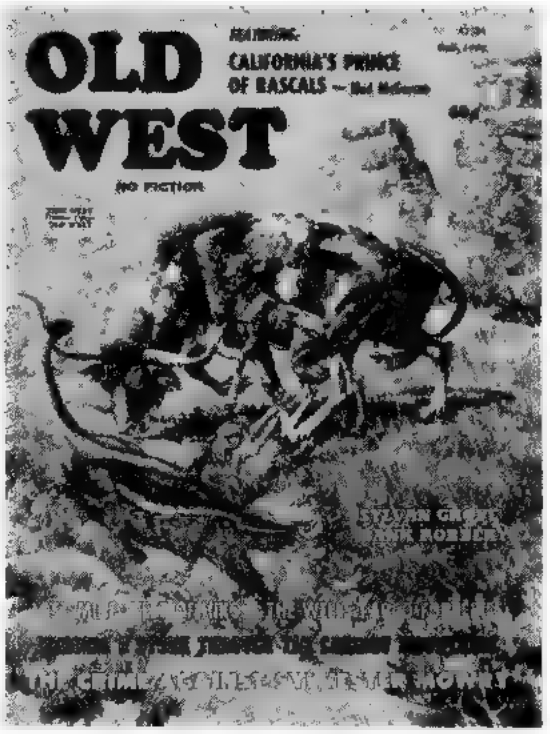

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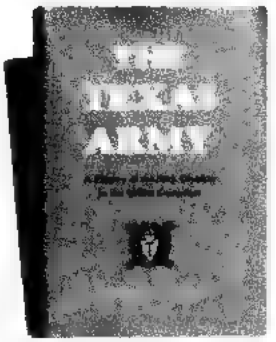

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These are immortal names in American military history—due in great part to the men who became known as "T-Patchers." The invasion of Italy in 1943 was one of the more important compromises between conflicting British and American strategies in World War II, and the 36th Infantry Division—The Texas Army—was fated to play a crucial role in the agony of The Boot. The disastrous Rapido River crossing of January 1944, which very nearly shattered the Division and which ultimately resulted in a Congressional investigation, was the low point of the campaign. Fortunately, no comparable misuse of troops was to follow, and under the able direction of the man who had led them so long, Maj. Gen. Fred L. Walker, The Texas Army executed the breakthrough at Velletri in June, delivering Rome into Allied hands.

The author holds two degrees from The University of Texas and is a former instructor in history at Stephen F. Austin, Nacogdoches, Texas.

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come of the trial. Admiration was on each person's face as men and women crowded around Ned. Suddenly he had become a symbol of the settlers' hate for the unjust laws of their young country.

THIS defiant young boy emerged from obscurity when the struggle for land between the selectors and the squatters was at its height. A few years earlier, the Land Act of 1865 had provided a welcome instrument for selectors in their attempt to break the squatters' monopoly. Heretofore the squatters were firmly in control, when as property owners they had guided the constables in their policing duties.

The new law stipulated that selectors could occupy an area of twenty acres for three years at an annual rate of two shillings an acre, and if at the end of three years the selector had improved the value of the land by one pound an acre then he would be entitled to buy the freehold at that price. The squatters got around the law by putting their own men on the land and buying the freehold as soon as it was due.

Being selectors, Ned Kelly and his family were painfully aware of the prejudice against their kind, but Ned had often heard his father say that their troubles would end if the family could only own the little spread that they worked.

Later Ned followed the dusty dirt roads leading into Wallen and stopped at one of the many wooden frame buildings which dotted the town's streets. A hawker suddenly stepped from the doorway of the blacksmith's shop, his face twisted with anger as he yelled, "Ned, you are no better than your convict father! What did you do with my horse?" The surprised boy did not understand why this person would be lying but, hearing the deriding remarks about his father, Ned threw himself bodily at the man. Ned's quick actions caught the hawker off guard, enabling the boy to knock him out. (This hawker had been one who believed the rumors about the boy and felt that justice had been wronged as long as Ned Kelly still walked the streets.) Ned's resentment was not pacified when he had won the fight. An additional act of bringing the hawker's wife a package filled with a calf's intestines pleased his sense of revenge.

The hawker filed a complaint and Ned Kelly was subjected to the degrading rigors of prison life for three months on charges of assault and indecent behavior. The poor boy sat in his cell feeling lonely and afraid as he awaited the turn of the key which would admit him to society again.

Arriving home, Ned learned that John Kelly had died in prison. His body had been returned to be buried on their land. The boy sat by his father's grave for hours each day as he remembered their rides into the bush country and the hard times they had shared.

When only out of jail three weeks, Ned was arrested for stealing horses again. The boy—sickened by the thought of returning to prison—tried to run but was stopped by the quick-acting constables.

NED KELLY'S three-year sentence was reduced by six months for good behavior, and on the day the boy walked free, he persuaded himself that he would begin a new—and perhaps exciting—career of dealing in other people's cattle. This endeavor proved most profitable as Ned's sharp eye and quick judgment assisted him each time. Though he yearned to be home with his family, Ned had wisely decided to steal cattle from the ranches around northern Victoria where he would not be recognized.

The police impounded a selector's horses, whenever the animals roamed onto a squatters's land, then demanded a fine before they could be reclaimed. The selectors were not always able to pay, and most were helpless to defend their rights. Ned quickly learned how to change the brands on horses and by doing so made his living by lighthearted-ly transporting stolen cattle to the market.

Meanwhile, Constable Fitzpatrick frequently visited the Kelly residence, much to the family's displeasure, just to watch them nervously try to act unconcerned by his presence. One day the constable got drunk and stumbled into their house demanding that Dan, one of Ned's younger brothers, surrender on a horse-stealing charge. Even though Constable Fitzpatrick did not have a warrant, Dan agreed to accompany the officer back to town, knowing that he could clear himself.

Overhearing the conversation, Nelly asked to see the warrant and became furious when the constable held up his revolver saying "it" was his warrant. Mrs. Kelly's pent-up emotions were released as she screamed that Ned would protect them if he were home. At that moment two friends were riding up to have a meal with the Kellys. The constable, thinking it was Ned, pointed his revolver at the door.

Fearing the constable would start shooting, Dan fought and removed the revolver from the constable's hand. In the struggle the constable hurt his hand but was otherwise unharmed. Fitzpatrick sobered up quickly and was embarrassed that a young boy had disarmed him with such ease. This, plus his habitual dislike of the Kelly family, forced him to act unprofessionally upon returning to the police station. The story he told to his superiors vividly depicted the Kelly house filled with bushrangers whom he, alone had tried to subdue. The constable claimed that they hit him with a shovel, shot him in the wrist, and held him prisoner for hours before he was released on his honor not to report the incident.

Nelly was quickly arrested and a search began for Ned and Dan. When news of his mother's arrest reached Ned, he immediately returned for the purpose of negotiating with the law. Stopping at his boyhood refuge—a lonely overgrown gully that he and his brothers had dis-

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covered—Ned found Dan and they both agreed to surrender in exchange for charges against their mother being withdrawn. Ned Kelly remembered how frail she had appeared the last time he saw her and hoped that his plan would succeed.

When the boy's bid for Nelly's freedom was refused, they saw no alternative but to vent their hate against the law by forming the Kelly gang with two friends—Steve Hart and Joe Byrne.

The constables, angered at the alleged mistreatment of their fellow officer, grouped on orders to apprehend the dangerous Kellys dead or alive. They rode boastfully across the country seeking clues to the boys' hideout but met resistance by tight-lipped settlers who sided with Ned and Dan.

One party of four constables, intent upon gaining the dubious distinction of bringing the fugitives to justice, set up camp at Stringbark Creek. Standing at his lookout Ned observed the constables preparing some food. A new fire shone in Ned's eyes as he led his gang into the camp—every wound, every pain that they inflicted upon these constables would serve as a warning to other policemen. Ned thought of his father as he continued to shoot one officer even after the man had fallen. Three constables were killed but Ned purposely let one escape to report what had happened.

The Kelly gang sat staring at the limp bodies of the nameless constables for hours. They knew that the events of this day had committed them to live as bushrangers. They could not turn back.

NED KELLY enjoyed cutting his own trails through the bush country, and his natural affinity for outdoor life served the gang well in their first few months on the run. The Kelly gang practiced shooting until all became quite adept—and confident enough to decide to rob a bank. Ned reasoned that the squatters' money was sitting in the bank when it rightfully belonged to the selectors.

Only the Kelly brothers were identified on the wanted posters, making it necessary for them to stay behind while the other two boys cased the towns. On the designated day the gang yelled, "Bail up!" and the frightened bank tellers quickly raised their hands to the ceiling. Ned tasted success, but was not satisfied until he distributed a portion of the money to some poor selectors who were short on their rent for the land.

No word filtered out about Mrs. Kelly, leaving Ned and Dan to feel more defiant with each passing day.

Ned Kelly's gang flourished as they traveled around northen Victoria and southern New South Wales finding shelter with the selectors. After transacting many forced withdrawals from other banks, Ned decided to fashion a protective coat of armor for himself. Numerous pieces of metal were heated together to form a face mask and breast plate which he felt would make him invincible.

The gang really enjoyed being chased into the bush country as Ned knew the rugged trails and could easily outdistance

THE MEMOIRS OF
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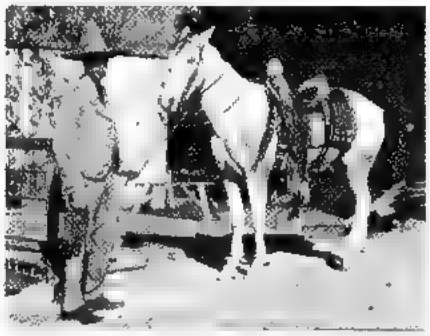

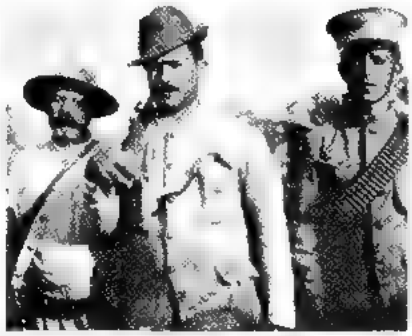

At left, Tinker is pictured in Mexico during the Revolution, 1910. At right is Colonel Alfaro Obregon and some of his officers, 1912. These are but two of the beautifully reproduced photographs from the Tinker collection included in the book

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the constables. One morning Ned was standing beside his horse on the ridge of a deep ravine when he suddenly noticed a constable galloping toward him. The boy quickly mounted his horse and headed out across the craggy terrain. Ned's horse skillfully evaded the crevices but a loose rock cut one of its hind feet, and the animal began to limp. Bravely Ned turned to face his pursuer, but when the elated constable realized that he had practically captured the famous Ned Kelly, he carelessly allowed his horse to step too near the edge, causing it to plunge both of them into the ravine.

The town of Jerilderie in New South Wales was Ned's next target, but instead of executing their usual swift retreat after a robbery the gang held the 300 residents captive for two days. This, unfortunately, served as an indication of Ned's changing character and alienated a number of his supporters.

THE CONSTABLES were unrelenting in their attempts to trace the Kelly gang. Finally they enlisted the aid of an aboriginal tracker whose skill had been proven in other searches. This native's observant eyes would spot the slightest clues of someone's presence, even days after. The Kelly gang managed to keep ahead of the native by barely taking time to rest as he discovered one hideout after another. They had hardened themselves toward the world outside the bush country, and their first priority was staying alive at any cost.

Ned Kelly eventually grew bored by their continued isolation and persuaded his companions to hole up in a nearby town for a few days. Ned had learned that a former friend of Joe Byrne had turned informer so he actually had a two-fold purpose on his mind.

Knowing the informer's death would bring a trainload of police, Ned and his gang tore up the tracks hoping to prevent or delay their arrival.

When the Kelly gang arrived at Glenrowan most of the people ran from the streets and hid, but Ned placed a number of the able-bodied men in jail to insure his gang's safety. Then Ned and Dan sat in the pub enjoying a part of life that they had missed for so long.

Meanwhile, a schoolmaster had escaped to warn the constables and avert the train's derailment. When the constables stole silently into town and surrounded the hotel, they were disappointed to find Joe Byrne and Steve Hart instead of the Kelly brothers; but the fighting began anyway and Ned, seeing his friends in trouble, broke one of the pub's windows and started firing.

When a bullet hit Ned's arm he decided to get his armor from their camp just a few miles away. During his absence the constables set the hotel on fire, forcing Byrne and Hart to make a run for their lives. The two boys came out shooting and were in turn shot down. Dan Kelly had been doing his best to stand up to the constables but he was outnumbered.

Ned Kelly might have escaped but his loyalty drew him back to fight beside his brother and his friends. The armor served as a protective shield to Ned's young body but its weight slowed him down. When the constables' bullets hit the metal it vibrated, making Ned unsteady.

Constable Fitzpatrick shot Ned in his unprotected leg and as the boy fell down and the constable ran toward him, Ned painfully lifted his bleeding arm and shot Fitzpatrick in the heart. The constable screamed as he pitched forward into the dirt.

When Ned Kelly ran out of bullets he stood facing the police as they moved closer. He was outnumbered and surrounded, but he acted like a man. Ned Kelly was the only survivor of his gang. After being taken to a hospital for treatment of his wounds, he spent the remaining time in jail until his trial. On November 11, 1880 Ned was hanged in Melbourne. At twenty-five years of age, this young man had created a sensation which was never to be duplicated in Australia. To this day, the Australians use the expression—"as game as Ned Kelly"—for their highest praise.

Tammany

(Continued from page 35)

"He seemed to love company of any kind—human or animal. He would rub his nose in the curls of a little girl who would run away to visit him, and fondle her as gently as her mother. Many times I came upon her running merrily in and out from under his body. My small fox terrier puppies, of which I had a litter, frequently found their way into Tammany's stall. He would pick them up gently by the neck and walk with them carefully around his stall."

Tammany, Daly's greatest thoroughbred, became the byword for fast horses. As befitting his station in life every precaution was taken to safeguard his health. If shipped to a track, he was accompanied not only by Doc Knowles but also a generous supply of Bitter Root-grown hay and grain.

When Mr. Daly built the Montana Hotel in 1889, a realization of his dream to build the most elegant hotel in Montana, he immortalized his beloved Tammany by hiring a special artist, with all expenses paid, to create the horse's portrait in mosaic. The life-size work of art, nine feet square, was built of more than one thousand tiny pieces of various kinds of wood, inlaid in the barroom floor. The mosaic was so placed that visitors entering through the traditional swinging doors between the lounge and the barroom, or the outside entrance, could see it equally well.

The portrait was so admired that no one stepped on it and this portion of the floor still stands out in bold relief. The head is said to have been designed by Newcomb at Tiffany's, famous New York jewelers.

Many celebrities have toasted the portrait and it has often been mentioned in stories concerning the early West. Today it is an attraction for tourists and will remain so as long as the historical Montana Hotel stands. Those who knew Daly said it was invariably his custom to stop in front of the portrait frame, either

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in silent meditation, or to extoll the fine qualities of the pictured horse to eager listeners.

Tammany was not to remain the greatest race horse of the Daly stable, but he was the finest horse developed in Montana to win large purses. Other horses owned by Daly won larger amounts through the betting ring, but none was able to fill the place in the man's Irish heart that Tammany had held.

The Dead Apache Silver

(Continued from page 15)

strange for an old army scout. Deciding they were too near the summit Peck led them off the slopes onto a bench.

One afternoon, leaving Turkey Creek, the party followed Peck straight into a rock glen resembling the one he described. Kingston and the others were experienced miners. Taking a good look as they rode in, all three leaped from their saddles whooping like crazy men.

Grabbing pieces of the black-red rock they broke it apart, holding freshly broken surfaces to the sunlight. "Silver!" they chorused.

The samples looked exactly like what Peck had found in the other rock glen, and for some time he presumed that it was the same place. His excited partners knocked ore loose and set about trying to locate the main lode. Camp was not pitched until after sundown when their tense excitement waned.

Around the campfire that night they made grandiose plans to mine the silver. With the break of another dawn they were out running lines and staking claims to control the ore body wherever it might run.

Wandering around rather dazed over this spurt of activity, Peck sought the two rocks between which the dead Apache had fallen into the crevice. He never did find a crevice containing the bones of an Indian's remains. Peck knew definitely this glen was not the place he had been seeking. The find had been stumbled onto accidentally; pure blind luck.

NOT WANTING to disillusion his happy partners, Peck said nothing about the error at the time. Sacks of ore were packed back to Prescott that assayed from $1,500 to $2,000 a ton. The men's return created considerable excitement and everyone wanted in on the discovery.

Of the four partners in the verbal agreement, only Peck had any money to finance a mining venture. But it was not enough to do much. Accordingly a company was organized and a large number of Prescott men invested in the mine.

At first Peck, in remembrance of the swarthy Apache he had shot from the rock, called his mine the Black Warrior. However, when the district was organized as the Peck Mining District, the name was changed to the Peck Mine. Despite his being honored as the original discoverer, Peck was to find the whole deal a bitter pill.

Miners were hired, and supplies and building materials hauled to the site. From the beginning the mine produced rich ore but the greatest amount came from the claims of the two men who had joined Peck and Kingston. This pair, with several investors including the actual prime movers of a then secretly developing scheme, T. M. Alexander and a Colonel Bigelow, soon concluded that they were cutting in Peck and Kingston unnecessarily. Action to oust them was filed in the district court and litigation immediately ensued.

While Peck and Kingston were handtied, Alexander and Bigelow went to work on their own ambitious plans. A townsite was surveyed near the mine. For several years it was called "Alexandra" honoring Alexander. Later, when a post office was awarded the booming mining town, the name was spelled correctly.

More than $200,000 was expended on the mine and its values increased with depth. At 312 feet a body of ore was discovered that assayed up to $17,600 per ton. Thirty percent of this was gold.

At first the ore had to be mule-packed fifteen miles to be reduced. This resulted in an ore pile-up at the mine totaling around $634,000. A ten-stamp mill was constructed and the four men who managed to pull the swindle were rapidly becoming rich. However, Alexander and Bigelow weren't satisfied. They turned on their two partners, ousting them even before Peck and Kingston had been beaten out of their rights in court.

Neither Peck nor Kingston received anything from the mine while still legally part owners. Not only were their claims invalidated and re-recorded in the names of others, but the extended court actions broke Peck. Kingston did not have any money to begin with.

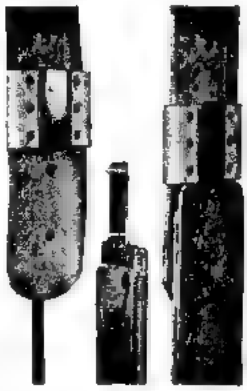
Peck then told him, "That was not the place where I stood off the Apaches. The other one, where we will find the bones of a dead Indian, is many times richer than this."

Enthusiastically Kingston joined his old friend on a trip into the Bradshaws hunting the right rock glen. They put in almost all of 1878 searching, until heavy snows forced them out. It began to be rumored around Prescott that the two were up to something that might develop into another rich mine. Many were the offers Peck received to finance any deal he wanted to make. But the taciturn, bitter Canadian turned them all down. He was not going to have any more to do with men who would surely beat him out of anything he found.

IN the spring of 1879 Peck and Kingston returned to searching the mountains. They even hunted down toward Mt. Tritle, so far south that Peck did not believe the rock glen, where the Apaches jumped him, could possibly be there.

They had started back north in the Bradshaws when one early morning their camp was jumped by a small party of Indians. The two white men first attempted to run off their riding horses and pack mules, after which they were forced to take cover. During the next two hours they killed and wounded an unknown number of Indians.

Finally Peck and Kingston were forced back some distance and could no longer cover their stock with lead. In a final



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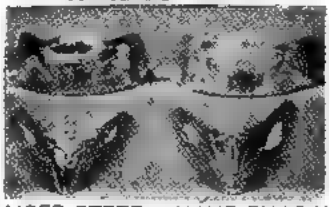

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exchange of gunfire Kingston was wounded. The Indians then grabbed the horses and fled.

Neither then nor later could the partners figure out which tribe of Indians had attacked them. It could have been Mojaves, Hualapais, or roving Apaches who, running onto two prospectors with livestock, struck.

Packing a little food, Peck and Kingston walked out of the mountains to a regular freight road. It took them ten days, for Kingston could not make more than three or four miles a day. On reaching Prescott, Kingston declared that he had had enough, and went elsewhere.

Peck, too proud to seek a grubstake and fearful of being done wrong again anyway, went to work as a teamster. His main route ran from Prescott to Ehrenberg on the Colorado River, with a branch south to Wickenburg.

Late that summer he outfitted with stock and supplies and returned to the Bradshaws. Thereafter his routine never varied. Working at various jobs during the winters provided funds for his rock glen searches each summer and fall.

Other prospectors in the Bradshaws often saw Peck moving slowly and camping in odd, out-of-the-way places. As the years passed he grew more puzzled because the old rock glen continued to elude him.

A few times he talked in Prescott, letting it be known that he had found, back in 1865, an even richer mass of silver ore than the Peck Mine. He told of killing the Apache and how his bones would identify the site. Eventually Peck's lost treasure received another name—the Dead Apache Silver.

Peck left the mountains for awhile during the 1880s, prospecting elsewhere, but when next he returned to the Bradshaws other prospectors followed him hopefully. Kingston, in the meantime, had also talked considerably, and rumors had grown that if and when Peck found the lost silver it would be worth millions. Had not the mine he had lost in court produced fifteen or twenty million dollars in silver and gold?

One winter Peck went down the Colorado River to the played-out placer mines. Next, he crossed the desert into the Superstition Mountains. But success was never to be Peck's, the immigrant boy from Canada. No matter how hard he tried to find the rock glen, failure always dogged his tracks. There were moody periods when he wracked his brain trying to figure out his mistakes. It amazed him that he could not relocate the ruby silver. Going over every detail of that day in 1865 only confused him more.

Finally the embittered man quit hunting in the Bradshaws. So far as is known he never returned to the mountains that caused him so much aggravating disappointment. He disappeared from Prescott. For many years none of those who knew him, from the 1860s on, had any idea whether he was alive or dead.

Sometime after 1900 Peck settled permanently in Nogales on the Arizona-Sonora border. There he died at age seventy-seven on December 13, 1910. The report of his death stirred long sleeping memories. His obituary in Territorial newspapers recounted his life as an early-day frontiersman.

Edmond G. Peck at Prescott, Arizona.

The ruby silver where he killed the Apache has never been found. Down through the years many men have sought it, and the hunt still goes on. Many who have pored over old records believe it is between six and ten miles north of the now vanished Crown King in the Bradshaws.

The prospector who finds the fragments of the bones of an Apache killed over a century ago, down between two large granite rocks, will succeed where all others have failed.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 7)

Jack Healy

Got a kick out of your story on Jack Healy in the April '67 issue. I got this formula from George Burtt of White Sulphur Springs, Montana. He said Jack Healy used it. Take a couple drops elixir valerian, a few drops of oil of cinnamon, and 403 pure grain alcohol. Grate up part of one of the plugs on a horse's leg into the mixture. Get a little of that on your fingers and a horse likes it. It helps but it doesn't make you Jack Healy. I saw him work a few times when I was a kid. Was a pretty fair horse hand myself, but I don't savvy what he did and neither does anybody else.

Also, I will finish the story about him driving the six-horse team without reins. He got them from John McAfee and Fred Kinnick of White Sulphur Springs. Jack was freighting a load of groceries to the Fort Logan Ranch on Benton Creek, six miles on the other side of Fort Logan. Jack was drunk and the fathers of the two gents I mentioned passed him putting up the lines and asked him what he was doing. He said, "When Crazy Horse is drunk he don't need any lines." When he got to Fort Logan he drove the team around through trees that were planted on the old parade ground kind of like pole bending, around and around. He got tired of that and went on all okay. But coming in on Benton Creek he went to sleep and there are still parts of the wagon scattered along the creek. I've seen them myself, a few years ago. This is just as the old-timers told it to me.—Hugh S. Stewart, Drawer C, Martinsdale Montana 59053

A Taxidermist Writes

I have just finished reading the story about the white wolf, in your April '7? issue. Mr. E. A. Close shot the animal I am a licensed taxidermist. They said that they displayed the wolf one day before taking him in to be mounted. Well if it was fairly warm that day, he could have started to rot. That might be the cause of the rough look on the pelt.

I've had a lot of deer that have hung for just one day on a warm day in the fall, and when they bring them to me, always pull on the hair to make sure it's tight before I even take the job.

Another thing that could have happened is, if the hide was too loose on the body form and they didn't get all the wrinkles out and the hide brushed good—that can make a difference too.

I don't know if this has helped to answer any questions, but I would like to have the honor to do a beautiful animal like that some day.—Donald Parker Taxidermist 116 Elm Street, Batavia New York, 14020

Ben Mead and Matt Dillon

My wife Maida and I have been out here in Tucson a week [in early May] as guests of CBS, for me to play a bit part in a "Gunsmoke" story being filmed here. The title is "The Valley of Tears" and it deals with the Comancheros and trading of captives from the Indians (plus the Hollywood touch). It likely will be the opener in September for the fall series—in two parts.

My scene was shot Tuesday. I was a scroungy renegade, trading stolen merchandise in an open air saloon (wagon and tent-fly and bar) for whiskey, just as Matt Dillon comes in to investigate. My opening lines were, "It's a thieving business we're in . . ." Watch close when you hear this, it won't last long!

Tuesday was their biggest day, the usual crew and cast of 80, plus 160 extras in costume, probably fifty per cent on horseback—and several four-horse wagons. The setting was on a one-street outlaw trading post in the Comanche territory, with tents and covered wagons and the saloon serving for trade. Some exciting scenes of wagons loaded with goods racing down the hilly, dusty street, beer barrels bouncing off, Comancheros and Indians on horseback galloping both ways on the street while people cross back and forth, are sheer excitement! In the midst, a renegade lassos a dance-hall girl, who escaped from the Indians bringing her in, and gallops up the street dragging her screaming. They rehearsed this twice then filmed it on the third run. The

(Continued on page 72)

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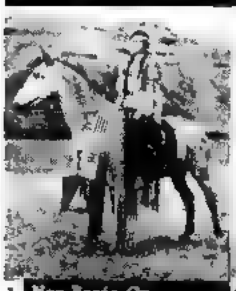
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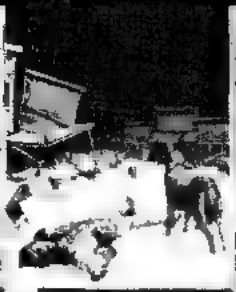
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Wheat Harvest & Moonshine

(Continued from page 31)

after which they staggered around the rest of the day. After a day or so the mash was gone and the steers started walking straight again and seemed to have suffered no ill effects, except for a possible hangover.

It was along about then that I developed a severe toothache and Pa decided I should go to Wichita with Charlie on his next trip to town and see a dentist. If the fact that Charlie would be hauling a load of booze ever entered Pa's mind, he failed to mention it.

We spent the night watering down the whiskey—about half and half—and since the whiskey and the water were exactly the same color I thought we should add plenty more water. But Charlie, who took pride in his work, insisted that the finished product be at least 80 proof. He also refused to add tobacco to give it a bite. I tasted it, and it had enough bite to take the top of your head off the way it was.

WE left camp for Wichita the next morning at daybreak with twenty five-gallon tins of whiskey under a canvas in the back of the car. I had ridden in cars a few times before, but never with anybody like Charlie Bolten. He drove like he was in training for the Indianapolis 500. We topped the little knolls, swept down through the shallow dips and up the next knolls at sixty miles an hour. Maybe that doesn't seem like much now, but for the cars and roads of that day, it was considerable.

A few miles west of Winfield we dropped over a knoll and passed two men in white hats in a Chevrolet touring car that was waiting to pull onto the road from a side road.

"Deputies!" Charlie said with a short laugh as we rushed by without slackening speed. "Nothin' to worry about there. They don't know me and anyhow they couldn't catch me in that little Chev if they did. You look back and see if they follow."

I looked through the rear window and saw the Chevrolet take after us in a sudden burst of speed. Then it disappeared in the dust made by the big Haynes and we never saw the deputies again.

The remainder of the trip was uneventful, except for the time we met a team and wagon on a narrow bridge. Charlie never let up on the throttle in the slightest as we roared by them, the team rearing wildly and the farmer waving his arms and shouting curses at us as we passed.

"Wonder what he's cussin' about?" Charlie said seriously. "Why, we had six inches of clearance on either side!"

When we got to Wichita we pulled into a low brick garage on Douglas Avenue that held a few cars but had plenty of mechanics. Then we went to a nearby cafe and had breakfast, after which I found a dentist and had my bad tooth pulled. Before noon we left town.

A few miles out of Wichita, Charlie whirled into the yard of a prosperous looking farm. "They've got a couple of rain barrels here," he said. "I saw them a few days ago when I drove past."

A young woman hanging clothes eyed us curiously as we got out of the car. Charlie swept off his hat with a flourish and with his brightest smile said, "Morning, Ma'am! Right nice place you all got here."

She looked him over silently—plainly puzzled.

"Say—that's a right fine looking wash you're puttin' out there!" Charlie said. "My wife always says you can tell a person by the kind of wash she puts out!"

The woman's face lighted up and she began to beam. I guess it never occurred to her to wonder just what you could always tell.

"My name's George Evans," Charlie went on, laughing and talking easily for several minutes. His mood must have been contagious for the woman was soon smiling and joining in the conversation. Life was often lonely on a farm in those days and she probably welcomed the break in her monotonous routine.

Presently Charlie half turned as if to leave, his eyes on the two barrels. "Me and my wife and my little girl are camped down the road a piece," he said. "Right nice camp too, except they ain't no water only what I can haul in a coal-oil can. I see you got a couple of rain barrels there that don't seem to be in much use." Charlie looked at her hopefully.

"Water's awfully hard in the well," the woman said hesitantly, "and we use the barrels to catch rainwater so I'll have soft water to wash my hair and such like. I don't know—"

Charlie replied quickly, "Of course, if you're usin' them I wouldn't want to deprive you."

"Oh, go on and take them," she interrupted. "My husband has a couple more old barrels down at the barn he can clean and bring up here. You having water for your family is more important than my head being washed."

We were soon roaring east with the two barrels in the back of the Haynes. Charlie laughed happily. "As soon as her old man gets them other two barrels cleaned up I'll go back and get them too."

ABOUT half-way between Wichita and Winfield Charlie pulled into a crossroads store with its inevitable Red Crown gas pump. With his usual flourish he asked, "Want a pop?"

"Sure." I was busily eyeing a shiny new car parked near the store.

Following my gaze Charlie said, "Nash Four. Nice little car but not very fast."

He soon emerged from the store with the drinks, followed by a man wheeling four sacks of sugar on a hand truck. After some rearranging we managed to get the sugar and the barrels into the back of the car. When we had finished Charlie asked the man if he had a blank check on one of the Wichita banks—the First National of Wichita, as I recall.

"Yes," the man said, and went back into the store to get the blank check.

"Hold on to your hat, kid!" Charlie kicked the motor of the Haynes over and

we roared out toward Winfield and the Flint Hills without paying.

After a time, he asked, "They comin'?"

I could catch occasional glimpses of the shiny little Nash about a mile back in the dust made by the Haynes. "They're coming."

"Don't worry," he laughed easily. "We'll lose 'em pretty quick."

Even though the little Nash struggled valiantly, it was no match for the powerful Haynes and, as Charlie predicted, we lost them pretty quick.

It seemed to me that if the storekeeper at the little store had any intelligence at all he would know from our load that we were engaged in moonshining somewhere. I decided that Charlie had attracted an awful lot of attention for a few sacks of sugar.

We arrived in camp at 1:30, and Charlie left almost immediately for his home in Oklahoma.

It was nearing noon the next day when an old cowboy, or "Fence Ride" as he referred to himself with a tinge of contempt, rode into camp. He had been there a few times before and we had become slightly acquainted.

Without dismounting he said, "Might be a right smart idea to break camp and pull out. I heard the boss say the sheriff would be in here today."

"When?" Pa asked. I knew he wasn't surprised. I think he had been expecting something like this ever since I told him about the sugar deal.

The old cowboy shrugged. "Was I you, I'd hitch them teams in five minutes and I'd drive in a lope till I get clean offa the ranch." He neck-reined his horse around and rode off.

Pa followed his advice. We hitched the team, broke camp and were out on the main road traveling leisurely south when we met the sheriff and two deputies. The sheriff stopped and stared at us suspiciously as he went by, but didn't say anything. That night we camped ten miles away at a lonely schoolhouse.

Charlie showed up the next morning just as we were breaking camp. He had his father with him—an old man who looked as old as time itself. He sat hunched down in the right side of the Haynes, a black hat covering the snow white hair that fell down over a robe he wore around his shoulders. When Charlie introduced him, the old man acknowledged Pa with only a slight nod, as if even that was too much effort. Only his dark eyes were bright and alert.

"We can't quit now," Charlie said. "We got twelve barrels of mash set. When we get them run off we'll call it quits—till I find a new place."

Pa looked at Charlie in disbelief, wondering if he were joshing. When he decided he wasn't, Pa finally said, "There's a little matter of the sheriff and a carload of deputies."

"The hell with the sheriff," Charlie was deadly serious. "I'll get up on that little knoll above camp and hold him off with a .30-30 while you run off the mash."

Pa didn't even bother to answer, just shook his head negatively.

Charlie turned to his father. "What do you think, Dad?"

"Can't be done," the old man's voice was surprisingly deep and strong. "They'd rout us within an hour."

"You're just scared," Charlie's voice grew cold. "All my life I been hearing how you used to be a stage robber out in California. I don't think you ever was!"

"Oh, I was, all right," the old man nodded his head wearily. "But that was forty-odd years ago. Then I might have tried it, but this is now and times change."

Pa climbed to the high spring-seat, spoke to the horses, and we began driving toward the Oklahoma oilfields.

The Andelana Disaster

(Continued from page 27)

for support. Her three-ton anchor was holding securely in the mud at twenty-three fathoms. Silted water of the Puyallup River flowed into Puget Sound's Commencement Bay, and because prevailing winds are from the southwest, ships were always headed in that direction while riding at anchor.

Captain Staling was delighted to see that his longtime friend, Captain Doty, was in port on the *Walter H. Wilson*, a British wheat-carrier. That ship was anchored a few hundred yards away from the *Andelana*. There were many duties to keep Captain Staling occupied—buying supplies for the voyage and arranging for the wheat cargo under charter to Eppinger & Co., of San Francisco. Staling also concluded an agreement with Captain Burley to have his tug, *Fairfield*, tow the *Andelana* across the waterway to be loaded early on January 14 with 3,500 tons of eastern Washington wheat.

FOR five years there had been a waterfront non-denominational Mission in Tacoma's "Old Town." An unusually dedicated Norwegian lady, Mrs. Birgitte Funnemark, and her young daughter Christine maintained the Seamen's Rest in the front rooms of their home. This Mission was first located at 2802 North Carr Street, then after two years was moved to a larger building a few blocks away.

Captain Albert Funnemark had gone down in his ship *Axellius* in a violent North Sea storm four years before Birgitte brought Christine and a son, Benjamin, to Tacoma from Norway in 1888. Christine was always welcomed aboard every sailing ship arriving in Tacoma's harbor. She invited officers and crewmen to visit the Seamen's Rest.

It was about 10 a.m. on January 13 when she rowed out to the *Andelana* after having been on the *Walter H. Wilson*. Captain Staling greeted her graciously and promised her he would be at the Mission that evening. His crew, however, could not have shore leave until the *Andelana* moved over to the grain dock. Christine handed out some religious pamphlets and departed.

In a short while Captain Doty sent one of his seamen over inviting Staling to have a one o'clock dinner on board Doty's ship. Staling accepted with pleasure.

(Continued on next page)

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Arminto (Natrona Co.)—honors Manuel Armenta, a pioneer rancher, whose name was misspelled by a railroad clerk.

Baggs (Carbon Co.)—the name of a family of early settlers.

Bairoil (Sweetwater Co.)—named for Charles Bair, an early oil pioneer.

Banner (Sheridan Co.)—denotes the flag-shaped brand of the local postmaster.

Basin (Big Horn Co.)—named for the Big Horn Basin, in which it is located.

Bessemer (Natrona Co.)—named for a candidate in the county's first election.

Bill (Converse Co.)—a tongue-in-cheek name chosen because several of the construction workers who built the post office were named "Bill."

Bonanza (Big Horn Co.)—hopeful prospectors thought they had found a fortune in oil here.

Border (Lincoln Co.)—located on the line between Wyoming and Idaho.

Byron (Big Horn Co.)—named for Byron Sessions, a Mormon pioneer.

Centennial (Albany Co.)—where gold was discovered in 1876, the U.S. centennial year.

Crowheart (Fremont Co.)—from a grim legend about two Indian chiefs who fought to the death, after which the victor supposedly ate the heart of his enemy to increase his own strength.

Dad (Carbon Co.)—named in honor of "Dad" Carlett, a local rancher.

Dickie (Hot Springs Co.)—named for town founder David Dickie, a Scottish sheep rancher.

Difficulty (Carbon Co.)—so called when some men searching for stolen horses got into trouble in a boggy stream.

Dull Center (Converse Co.)—named for the Dull family (honest!).

Emblem (Big Horn Co.)—renamed from "Germania" during World War I.

Encampment (Carbon Co.)—a spot where a detachment of troops were snowed in and had to set up camp.

Flattop (Platte Co.)—named for a nearby flattopped mountain.

Fossil (Lincoln Co.)—named for local beds of fish fossils.

Frannie (Park Co.)—honors a settler's daughter.

Freedom (Lincoln Co.)—so named by Mormons who fled here in 1890.

Frontier (Lincoln Co.)—descriptive of its situation in the early days.

Goose Egg (Natrona Co.)—named after the Goose Egg Ranch, from Owen Wister's classic, *The Virginian;* also a cattle brand.

Greybull (Big Horn Co.)—supposedly named for a legendary grey buffalo bull long sought by local hunters.

Hat Creek (Niobrara Co.)—for "warbonnet."

Jay Em (Goshen Co.)—named after a cattle brand.

Lost Cabin (Fremont Co.)—an embarrassed prospector found a rich mine here and even built a cabin, only to find that he couldn't remember where the spot was.

Natrona (Co.)—inspired by local deposits of a soda compound, natron.

Riverton (Fremont Co.)—so called for its situation on the Wind River.

Story (Sheridan Co.)—named for C. P. Story, a land developer.

Sun (Natrona Co.)—named for Tom Sun, a pioneer homesteader.

Sunrise (Platte Co.)—commemorates an especially fine morning view enjoyed by some mine inspectors.

Swan (Carbon Co.)—named for Will Swan, a cattleman; now a ghost town.

Tensleep (Washakie Co.)—means ten sleeps or ten days in Indian talk, being that far distant from the Platte and Yellowstone Rivers.

(Continued from preceding page)

Later, Captain Doty recalled that he h never seen his friend in such low spirit Staling had been dejected over losing h two able officers and the eight oth crewmen, but he had a deeper person sorrow as well. It was not until Stali had arrived in Tacoma that he had hea the shocking news of the *Atalanta* disa ter, the tragedy having occurred on two months earlier on November 17, 189

Captain Charles McBride, whom Sta ing had known for twenty years, h challenged Captains H. A. Lever of t *Imberhorne* and David Thompson of t *Earl of Dalhousie* to a race from Tacom to Cape Town, Africa where all thr windjammers were to transport cargo of wheat. The *Atalanta*, tacking too clo to Oregon's treacherous coast so as pass over no unnecessary water, w hurled in a storm onto a reef off Als Bay. Only three seamen from her crew twenty-seven survived. Captain McBrid First Mate Charles Hunter, Second Ma Duncan Houston and twenty-one seam perished soon after the *Atalanta* broke half.

Staling told Captain Doty, "I have h several frightening nightmares in t past week. Each time it is always t same. I seem to be asleep in my cab when the water rushes in."

Then after Staling sat quietly for while smoking his pipe, he added, "M wife has been urging me to retire fro the sea and I promised her this would my last voyage."

As Doty was rowing Staling back his ship about 4 p.m. he noticed that t *Andelana's* hatches were still open. (F three days, food and other supplies h been brought aboard the ship for the fiv month voyage around South America Cape Horn to England.) Doty also call Staling's attention to one of the suppor ing log chains which did not appear be spiked securely enough.

Captain Burley arrived as Doty w leaving, to make some final arrangemen about the tug.

PERCY BRADLEY BUCK, a your apprentice seaman from Bolton, En land had injured his jaw and was deve oping an abcessed tooth. It was causi so much pain that he asked permission go ashore with the Captain that nig and find a doctor. But just as Staling w preparing to leave the ship with Per Buck, he began to feel very ill. Decidi he should stay on the *Andelana*, he to Percy Buck to take a note to Seamen Rest and express his regrets. In the no Staling wrote that on the following ev ning he would be there. It was a ve still, cold night, and the ship was rockir gently with tidal currents when Stali went below.

As instructed, Percy Buck deliver his Captain's message to Birgitte Funn mark. When she saw the boy's swoll face, she asked one of the sailors at t Mission to accompany Buck to the Fann Paddock Hospital about two miles di tant.

The old Visitor's Register from Se men's Rest shows that Captain Doty a four of his "hands" from the *Walter*

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Grain ships on the Willamette River at Portland, about 1900. The four masted ships in distance are in the same class as the *Andelana*.

Wilson were present the night of January 3, 1899. They no doubt had a fine time singing, swapping yarns with other seafaring men, and having cakes and coffee. One room was set aside for a reading area. There were books, magazines and newspapers in several languages as well as English: German, French, Norwegian, Danish, Italian, Finnish and Russian.

No collection was ever taken, but before each ship sailed, a voluntary purse was brought to the Seamen's Rest. The good influence of Birgitte and Christine Tunnemark was far-reaching. Several thousand seafaring men held them in grateful memory.

It was nearing midnight when Captain Doty and his four crewmen returned to their ship. The weather had grown thick with a driving sleety rain and a brisk southwest wind, and their rowboat had nearly swamped. Before he turned in, Doty looked over at the neighboring vessel. The *Andelana*, barely visible, was almost ghostly as she tugged at her anchor chains.

Between two and three a.m., Doty was awakened by the noise of wind whistling through the masts as heavy gusts rocked the *Walter H. Wilson*. Yet by morning the gale had greatly subsided and when he came on deck Doty was astonished to see that the *Andelana* had disappeared!

Assuming that she must have slipped her anchor chains and drifted away during the night, he went ashore immediately to find Captain Kenny, Lloyd's Agent and Tacoma's Port Surveyor.

The two men boarded the tug *Fairfield* and Captain Burley started a search for the missing vessel. A ballast log was found and to it was dangling part of the chains by which it had been fastened to the ship. Farther on as they searched, several oars, a mattress, and one of the *Andelana's* upturned life boats were found. The answer to the mystery was now all too obvious. She had capsized!

At one p.m. the tug *Fairfield* began dragging operations with grappling hooks. After four hours, the *Andelana* was located lying on her side in twenty-three fathoms a short distance from where she had been anchored. A danger buoy was put over the spot and a light placed on it.

After deliberating as to the cause of the appalling mishap, Captains Doty, Kenny and Burley came to this conclusion: "Heavy winds had caused the ship to strain on the chains, making the log on the weather side to become very taut. This strain was too great for one of those chains and it snapped.

"The towering craft now free of that restraint began lifting with each gust of wind until the mooring chain slipped off allowing her to careen. To make that dangerous situation even worse, the tide was just turning. This probably forced the ship's stern around, exposing her to the full sweep of the gale. She flipped over on her side and because her hatches had not been closed, tons of water poured in and she sank to the botton of the Bay within minutes."

The seventeen men sleeping below never had a chance. There the *Andelana* lay, "resplendent" in her shining new paint and fully loaded with enough provisions for her long voyage to England. That handsome windship had become the water tomb of Captain George W. Staling, First Mate E. H. Crowe and fifteen crewmen. Staling's frightening nightmares had come true!

Percy Bradley Buck alone was spared, only because he had an abcessed tooth.

All efforts to raise the *Andelana* failed. No bodies were ever recovered.

The *Andelana* crewmen who perished were from ten countries. The oldest man

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ugust Simonson, Seaman, 24, Holland
at Wilson, Seaman, age unknown, Nova Scotia

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 44)

orshipful Grand Lodge of Massachu-tts 1793. A. F. & A. M."

Two animals resembling beaver are olding a banner. One half of the ban-r has what looks like an Indian with w and arrow engraved, and the other alf has emblems of some sort. The aver are looking up at a dove with an ive branch in its beak.

Below the animals is a ribbon banner which are engraved the words, "Fol-w Reason."

The other side of the medal is in-ribed as follows: "Presented to Brother ase M. Holder in recognition of fifty ars (50) of Faithful Service 1898-1-12." -Mrs. John J. Bradford, P. O. Box 133, ilson, Wyoming 83014

Bell

Am seeking information on my mother's eat-aunt and her descendants. Her aiden name was Sophie or Sophia Bell, d she was born in New York State, obably near Mombaccus. There were even brothers and sisters: Benjamin .. Eliza Jane, Rachel Catherine, Sarah dell, Abraham J., Averell Hungerford, ngeline, Patience, Elvira, Rosetta, and osine, Sophie later married and moved Alexandria, Minnesota. Her married me is unknown. She probably settled Minnesota around the turn of the ntury or before.

Her father, Abraham W. Bell, died in 54; her mother, Sarah Coney (Gray, ell, Van Aiken), died in 1902.

Would appreciate any information that uld help us to locate these relatives.—rs. Terry Bradshaw, 24544 E. Ullrey venue, Escalon, California 95320

Boone-Moore

I would like information on Dr. John . Moore and Daniel Boone Moore, broth-s and first cousins to the famous Daniel oone, as well as Daniel Boone's grandfather George Boone. They both settled in Texas between 1842-1861.

George Boone (early spelling Boon) came over from England in 1717 with his wife and eleven children. Among the descendants were Daniel Boone Moore and Dr. John M. Moore. I would like to know the names of the father and mother of these men and those of their brothers and sisters.

Daniel Boone Moore was born in Kentucky in 1805. Dr. John Major Moore (my grandfather) was born in North Carolina in 1802.

Also would like information on R. W. (Mustang) Moore who was killed by Indians in 1861 at Moore Hollow, Texas, now Moore, Texas, for whom R. W. (Mustang) Moore was named.—Mrs. Hazel Moore Sanford, 923 Santa Monica, San Antonio, Texas 78201

Henderson

I am trying to find out some information on a John Henderson who lived in Green County, Tennessee. He died about 1827 and there were eleven heirs. Among them were: John; Samuel; Lydia Kilgore; Mary Rinehart; and Abigail Grant. I would like to have information on him, his wife, his father, his mother, and the rest of his children.

Also, could anyone help me find any information on a James Henderson, born in 1763 who married a Hannah Sollars? Who was the father of James? Who was the father and mother of Hannah? Where did the Sollars come from? Who was the mother of James? Would love to hear from anyone who cares to write.—Mrs. Emma Walton, Cokeville, Wyoming 83114

Goforth

I have heard about your magazine through a friend and what wonderful response she had from different people after you had published her query.

I would like to know someone who could give me some information on a Mary Goforth, who was born on October 1, 1785. She was supposedly born in Tennessee and died December 13, 1825 in Washington County, Missouri. She married Samuel Henderson, Sr., who was born in Tennessee. Now I would like to know who her mother was, what her father's name was, and all her brothers and sisters.

Her father died in 1796 and after his death she was bound out to Jessie Lynch until she became of age.

Any history or information on her would be appreciated.—Chloteal H. Griffith, 351 Milton Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah 84115

Staley-Stilley

My few family papers show Abraham Stilley in Virginia in 1796. Thomas Staley was in the 121st Virginia Militia in 1812 at Cross Roads, Maryland. Abraham Staley was in Franklin County, Virginia in 1820 and 1830 according to the tax records I have.

My great-grandfather, Abraham Staley, lived in Cumberland, Indiana, where he operated a toll road and crossing. Here he had at least five boys. One son,

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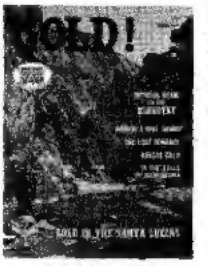
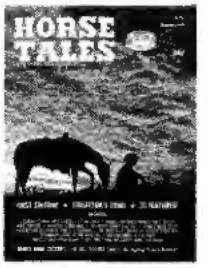


GOLD! #6

BADMAN #1

BADMAN #2

BADMAN #3



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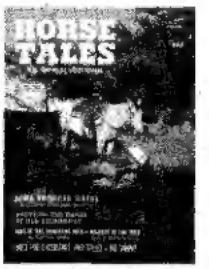

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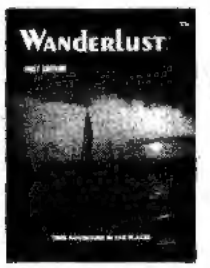

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Abraham Staley, was a Northern soldier in Andersonville Prison guarded by his own brother. Two of his brothers were Confederates. This Abraham Staley was born in 1836, and my grandfather Isaac in 1849. As soon as the war was over they headed for Kansas, where they got land from the Indians near where Paoli, Kansas is today.

I would like any information I can get on the Abraham Staley family.—Mrs. George C. McAdams, 6518 S. E. Division Street, Portland, Oregon 97206

Trammell

I have been trying to find out about my great-grandfather, John Darby Trammell. He was born January 1, 1838 at McLeansboro, Illinois and died January 6, 1921 at Hagleville, Missouri. He was in the Oklahoma Land Rush, homesteaded in Wyoming, and was a farmer and horsetrader most of his life. I understand that he has descendants in St. Louis, Missouri. Any information on him, his ancestors, or his descendants would be greatly appreciated.—Lisa Davis, Route 6, Box 255, Jacksonville, Florida 32223

Hand-McKinney

I would like to correspond with anyone who might know or have been related to the following people: Enoch Hand and Martha Matilda McKinney, last known to have been in Camden, Michigan and Indiana, place unknown. They had the following children: Alvreman Perry, who married Martha Valentine; Florence Rozella Hand, who married George Earlston. I would also like information on my father, Otis Leroy Hand, who came West in 1910.—Helen Hand Kuharski, 190 E. Pine, Shelley, Idaho 83274

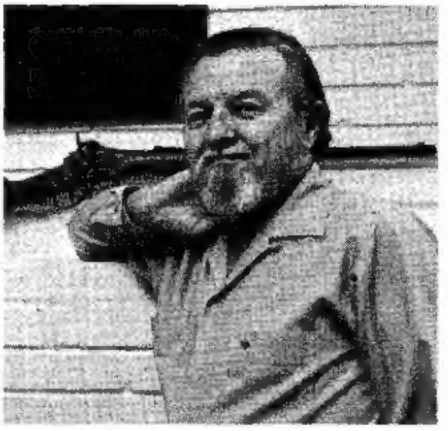
Truly Western

(Continued from page 62)

little motherly Mexican woman hairdresser for the girls was praying, "Oh, God, don't let her fall and get hurt," and I was joining in too!

Stayed over Wednesday and today just to watch and shoot photos. The producer, director and everyone has treated us wonderfully. James Arness looked at my hair and beard and said, "You look more lik one of our characters than the people i our cast." This week was the final resu of meeting him. He's great personall and very popular with the crew.

Hope you all catch the show.—Be Carlton Mead, Dallas, Texas.

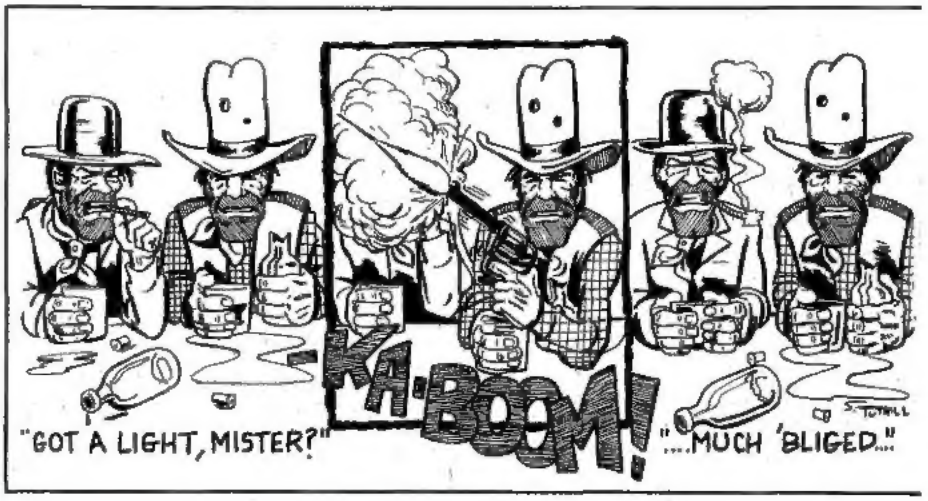


Ben Carlton Mead

Editor's Note: All except our newe readers will remember Ben. He has don many illustrations and several covers an stories over the years for our magazine Ben is a famous Western artist—let's s how he makes out as an actor. We predi he'll be great!

CORRECTION

On page 66 of the June '73 TRUE WEST issue, we ran a letter from a reader bringing to light an old handbill advertising a western show at De Queen, Arkansas, featuring Bill Pickett. The date given for this event was October 11, 1888. It has been brought to our attention that this date is incorrect, and that the year was probably 1909, or thereabouts. The actual year the show took place is not given on either side of the handbill. We believe the letter sender interpreted a set of not-too-clear numbers in the lower right corner to be the year, but we think it is probably the printer's job number.



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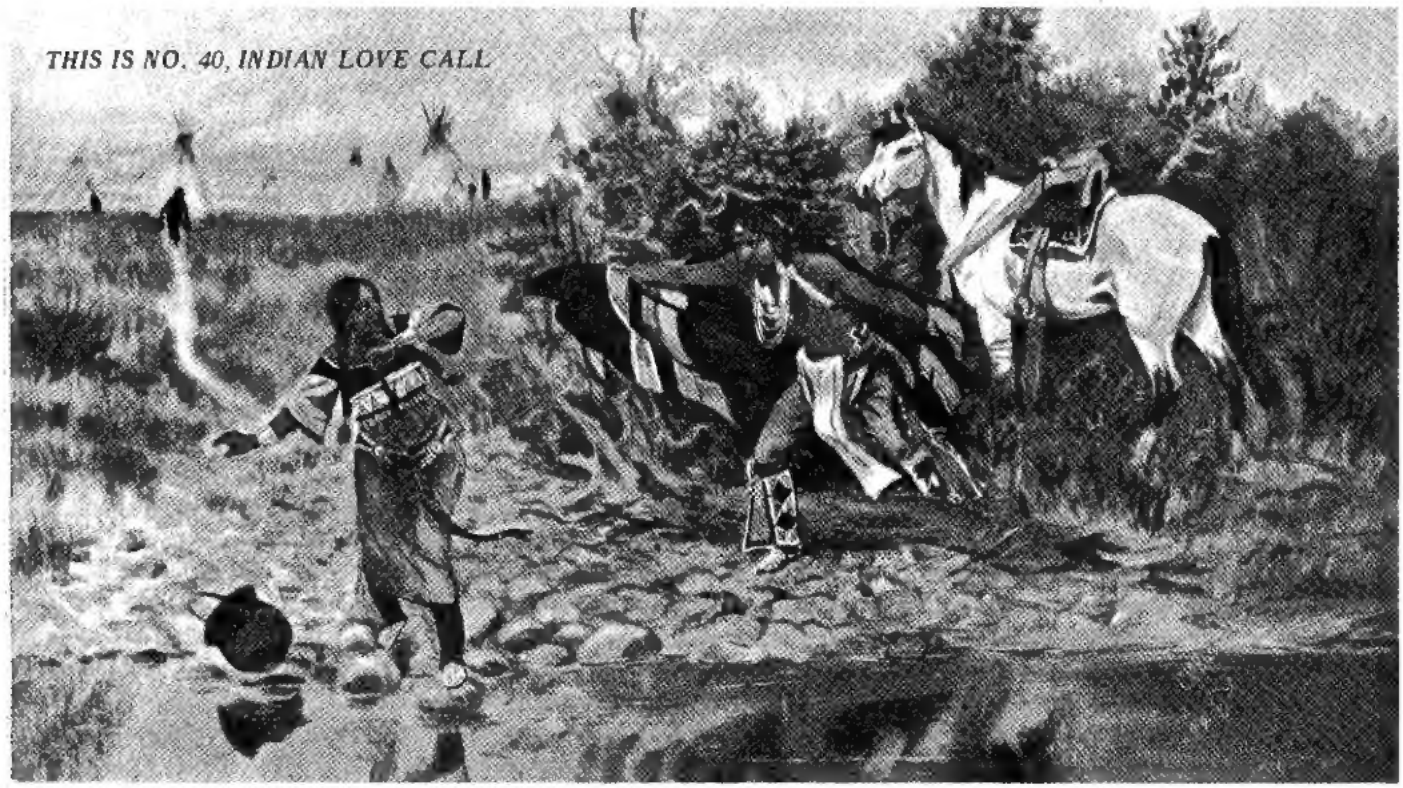

THIS IS NO. 40, INDIAN LOVE CALL

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x8½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jackline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—Western Warriors
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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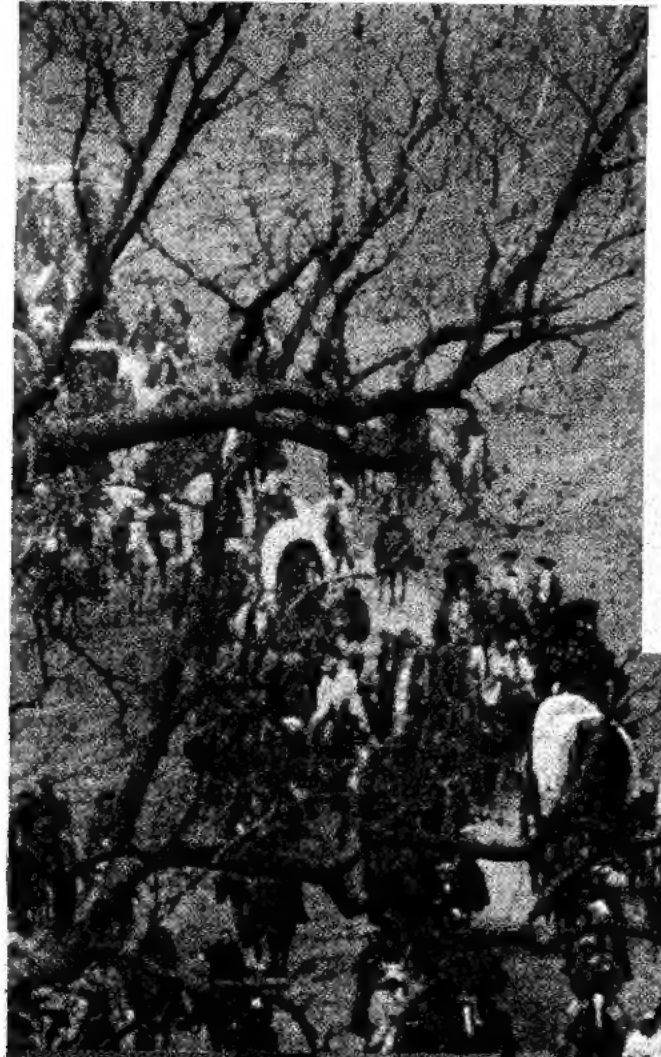

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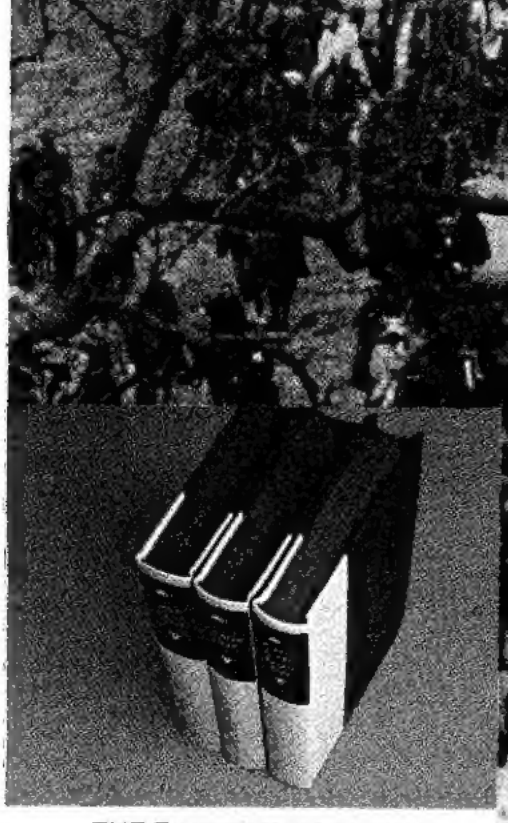

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